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The Blood of the Fathers

G. FRANK LYDSTON

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G. W. Allen, M.D.

THE
BLOOD OF THE FATHERS

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

G. FRANK LYDSTON

THE RIVERTON PRESS
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A PROBLEM — ALL HUMAN —
OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

THE BLOOD OF THE FATHERS

DEDICATION

TO JACK LONDON

You once wrote me this: "Well can you and I repeat together the words of Watson 'to a Laodicean':

> **"'Timorous, hesitant voice, how utterly vile I hold you!**
> **Voice without wrath, without ruth—empty of hate as of love!**
> **Different notes from these, O watchman, blow to the midnight!**
> **Loud in a deep-lulled land, trumpeter, sound an alarm!'"**

The watchman blew loud; the watchman blew long—without an answering call. Echoes there were, to be sure—there are literary parrots in the Forest of Pen Land—but the deaf would not hear the bugle of warning, nor would the blind see the grim-visaged trumpeter on the social ramparts.

But they are beginning to hear and see, and some of the inmates of the asylum for the deaf and blind that lies in the Land of Fatuous Optimism are now even wondering if they could not blow the trumpet louder and better than the watchman himself. And so, all's well—because the dawn is breaking and it one day *will* be well.

There is no pain like that experienced by that good old dame, Society, at the birth of a new idea or in the letting in of

light upon her muddy and super-sensitive retina. She sometimes howls for narcotics when she requires the knife of the social surgeon. One of the keenest blades ever wielded was that wonderful book, your own People of the Abyss, an autograph copy of which lies before me. It should have removed the cataracts from the eyes of all the world. I read it and re-read it, and was consoled—I no longer felt lonely.

Nothing grows so slowly as the Idea. Once it is born its troubles really begin. But it does grow—it can not be killed, thank heaven! And so, my dear London, we can apply to our souls the unction that our work has been well worth while. The trouble has been with the soil, not with the Idea. If the soil had been right, there would have been no need for the Idea—nor would there have been room for social weeds.

Beneath your photograph, which I so highly prize, you have subscribed yourself, "Yours for strong manhood and womanhood." The whole story lies in this. It is the beginning and the end. It is the voice of the attorney at the bar of social justice, pleading for the under-dog—and pleading that there should no longer *be* an under-dog.

To you, Jack London, literateur second to none, and one of the world's greatest sociologists, I dedicate this, my latest attempt to write a "score" for the "watchman."

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

To those who are familiar with the pioneer work which has appeared in my various monographs, and later in my Diseases of Society, the intent of this play will be obvious.

The "Brood of Ishmael" was branded with the blood brand. Generation after generation we have ostracised the daughters of Ishmael and imprisoned or hanged his sons, but the call of his blood is as strong as ever. Experience has shown that covering up with more blood the stains on Society's hands does not help matters. The blood is all from Society's own integers and must be stopped at its very source, else Society will go on forever, staining her hands and vestments with the blood of her children.

But Society will not listen—Society will not learn. We go on marrying and giving in marriage criminals, lunatics, epileptics, inebriates and syphilitics and breeding more of their kind! We go on hanging and jailing criminals and ignoring the children from whom criminals are made! We go on paying out for the cure of crime and its evil congeners more money than we spend for our children's education! We go on with maudlin sentiment and savagely oppose practicality and common sense in matrimony—society's very corner stone! And we pretend to be an intelligent social system!

A recent editorial in a Chicago newspaper, in taking me to task for my views on marriage regulation and control, said, "Love is not a bad guide, either." This is true and inspiring. Love *is* not a bad guide—to the jail, the asylum, the hospital—and to Reno. When love comes in at the door, reason flies out of the window. Love is the greatest transmuter of human base metals. With his magician's wand and a skill that Hermann himself might have envied, the little blind God blithely transforms an epileptic, a gonorrheic, a lunatic, an imbecile, an inebriate or a criminal into a rosy ideal. Asmodeus of old set the pace. Le Sage knew humanity—and builded the Devil on Two Sticks to fit it.

Shall the blind go on leading the blind into the pit and shall Society foot the bills, or shall Society "rope off" the pit, protect the fools from themselves, Society itself from the fools and, above all, protect from Society generations yet unborn?

Love a "safe guide!" This play is intended to show just how safe Cupid really is. The central figure has brains a plenty and knows his part in the social drama, but love pushes aside the woman of worth and obtrudes into his life a daughter of Ishmael.

"Gloomy and pessimistic," say you, dear reader? Is, then, the artist who paints for you the shadows a gloomy fellow? Is the man who hangs a red lantern on the mass of boulders that highwaymen have placed upon the railway track, a gloomy fellow? Is the physician who passes upon your disease and suggests remedies a gloomy fellow?

No? Then why should the "social surgeon," who cuts deep

into the heart of things, be called a gloomy fellow or a pessimist?

Is this play a plea for marriage control and regulation?

It is.

Is it a plea for matrimonial discrimination?

It is.

Is it a plea for the protection of the unborn?

It is.

Is it a plea for the sterilization of degenerates?

It is.

Is it a plea for the under-dog?

It is.

Is it a protest against corrupt and grafting police systems and police persecution of social outcasts?

It is.

Is it a plea for the salvation of the young prospective criminal?

It is.

Is it a plea for the education of the layman in matters sociologic?

It is.

And more, it is meant to be a human document which will show that, in the conflict between man the intellectual and man the animal, the animal wins, whenever and wherever primordial passion is in the saddle. It is this that makes Society a whited sepulcher. It is this that makes cowards of us all.

Society has builded a screen called "civilization," behind which we feel secure, like the ostrich with his head in the

sand, the whilst the rest of our anatomy plays peek-a-boo with the enemy—the Devil. But we have not fooled him yet. He is human nature's patron saint and knows his devotees. I wonder if Puck did not steal the Devil's thunder when he exclaimed, "What fools these mortals be!"

Dramatic form is most effective in driving home a social lesson. After many years of patient endeavor Bernard Shaw has taught us this. Imitators of Shaw are springing up like mushrooms. Pardon me, kind sirs, for "butting in." I have been fighting on the purely sociologic side so long that I should be pardoned this transgression.

G. FRANK LYDSTON.

CHICAGO, January 1st, 1912.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Dr. GILBERT ALLYN....*A struggling doctor, a hobbyist in Criminal Sociology and friend of the Man Beneath; later, a famous specialist in nervous and mental diseases.*

KATHRYN DUPLESSIS, Mrs. GILBERT ALLYN } *Fiancée, and later the butterfly mismate of a serious-minded man.*

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.....*Her foster mother.*

GEORGE MAXWELL .....*Alias "Gentleman George," yeggman. A social derelict whose philosophy of life is all gall and wormwood.*

HELEN CARRINGFORD...*The "Angel of the Slums" and a social philosopher.*

EBEN CARRINGFORD....*A father who is solid and old-fashioned, but indulgent.*

ROSS HARTWELL.....*Old college chum and intimate of Dr. Allyn, but not a fidus Achates. By profession a lawyer and by occupation a "good fellow" and wealthy man-about-town; something of a sport.*

JIM CARRUTHERS.....*Society "operator" of the Central Detail.*

MATSADA .....*Japanese valet of Dr. Allyn and an exponent of jiu jitsu as a fine art.*

ATKINS .....*Maid at the Allyns.*

Officer RAFFERTY, Sergeant REILLY } *Of the New York police force.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Dr. GILBERT ALLYN is a rather plain man of thirty-three years of age. He is tall, dark, rather spare, but muscular, and slightly stooped. His eyesight has begun to fail from over-use and he wears powerful glasses. His eyes are grey and his black hair is slightly tinged with grey about the temples. His beard is black, and worn *à la* Van Dyke. He is serious of expression. and rather deliberate and incisive of speech save when he is discussing his pet hobbies or is emotionally excited, when he is all fire. His self-control is usually remarkable, but when it is lost under great provocation he is not safe to trifle with. He has a deep vein of humor and can be extremely satirical. From his physique and demeanor he would not appear to be a "heart man," yet deep down in his composition is a well of sentiment that finally leads to disaster. It is evident that, philosopher though he is, he is not a thorough man of the world and is deceived by appearances which a socially more experienced man would at once penetrate.

KATHRYN DUPLESSIS is a beautiful dark brunette, twenty-two years of age, of medium height, with a wealth of raven black hair and deep set black eyes. Her complexion is of a clear olive type and suggests Latin blood. She is slender, but plump and well proportioned. She is quick of movement and her manner is vivacious and at times flippant. She is narrow-

minded, occasionally sarcastic of speech, and is obtrusively self-centered. Later, as Mrs. Allyn, she wears an expression of discontent, her manner in general is peevish and she is inclined to whine and to nag her husband. Selfishness obviously is her dominant trait throughout.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS is a charming, white-haired woman of medium height, rather inclined to *embonpoint.* She is somewhat over sixty years of age. She is stately, refined, dignified of manner and evidently of high breeding and culture. She is keen of wit and philosophic or satiric at will.

GEORGE MAXWELL is a man of fifty-two or -three years of age, rather above medium height. His hair, once black, is distinctly grey. He wears a stubble of coarse black beard sprinkled with grey. His eyes are black, brilliant and peculiarly deep set, his complexion is dark and shows the pallor of people of his class. He is spare of figure and in general shows the effects of vicissitudes. His manner is semi-refined, furtive, yet fearless, and his language shows an odd mixture of the results of considerable reading, and the *argot* of the criminal.

HELEN CARRINGFORD is a tall, regally handsome, athletically built woman of twenty-six years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes. She has strong, regular features with a nose slightly inclined to the Roman type, and a clear, pale complexion. She is slightly myopic and wears a *pince-nez.* Her manner and speech are philosophic, calm, dignified, and ordinarily unemotional. She, however, exhibits on occasion the deepest possible feeling.

EBEN CARRINGFORD is a large, portly, fine looking man of about sixty-two- or three years of age. His hair and beard are almost white. His eyes are dark brown, his nose distinctly Roman and his complexion florid. He is bluff, hearty and whole-souled. He suggests the fighting man of affairs who takes the world as he finds it, whose life has comprehended little but business, yet has a vein of homely sentiment.

ROSS HARTWELL is a handsome man of thirty-five. He is of medium height, fair haired, blue eyed, ruddy of complexion and is beginning to show the *embonpoint* that leisure and good living bring to men. His face is smooth shaven, save for a small moustache, and shows slight traces of the effects of late hours and dissipation. His manner is insouciant, debonair, yet often cynical withal, and characterized by the attractive *bonhomie* that stamps the well fed, easy-going man of the world. He is not naturally vicious, but unstable by heredity, and a creature of his environment who, in pursuing the pleasures of the senses, recognizes no obligation to anything but his own desires. He has no faith in anything or anybody. In brief, he is a true Son of the Social Froth and an apostle of hedonism.

JIM CARRUTHERS is a man not yet in the thirties, above the medium height, broad shouldered and evidently athletic. He has wavy, dark brown hair, rather small deep set gray eyes and heavy brows. He is smooth shaven and quite handsome. He is very genteel looking and his speech shows evidence of education, although he occasionally lapses into the characteristic expressions of his profession. His demeanor is not sug-

gestive of his vocation save as regards an air of quiet determination. In general his carriage is that of one who is following a vocation for sheer love of the work, regarding it as a scientific profession rather than a trade. He has on occasion the off-hand, flippant air of a thorough-going man of the world.

MATSADA is a typic specimen of his race. He is small, wiry, and his movements are quick or stealthy as occasion requires. His manner suggests alertness and quickness of comprehension.

ATKINS is a typic cockney girl. She is of medium height and brilliant complexion. Her eyes are blue and her hair reddish brown. She is quite pretty, of good figure, and characteristically pert.

Sergeant REILLY.
Officer RAFFERTY. } These men are ordinary specimens of the burly, red faced Irish American New York policeman. Reilly is a fat man of perhaps fifty years of age and Rafferty a rugged fellow of forty.

COSTUMES

ACT I.

Dr. ALLYN .....*is plainly dressed in a dark business sack suit, turn-down collar and dark four-in-hand tie. His hat is the conventional black derby, his gloves are dark brown and his overcoat a dark grey. His shoes are black.*

ROSS HARTWELL .....*is elegantly, but not loudly dressed, in a sack suit of dark grey, an up-to-date standing collar and a light four-in-hand tie. His overcoat, gloves and shoes are a light tan. He has a red flower in his coat lapel. His hat is a light grey fedora.*

HELEN CARRINGFORD...*is dressed in a modest tailormade suit of dark blue and a plain but elegant toque. Her gloves are white and her shoes plain black walking shoes. She carries an elegant black leather bag.*

Mr. CARRINGFORD .....*is dressed in a plain black cutaway coat, light grey overcoat, medium dark grey trousers, a white vest, derby hat, dark bow tie, standing collar, and enameled leather shoes.*

MATSADA .....*is dressed in a rather ill-fitting black ack suit with a flaming red bow tie and turn-down collar.*

ACT II.

Dr. ALLYN.....*is dressed in a dark brown velvet lounging jacket, dark vest and trousers, fashionable standing collar, white four-in-hand tie and enameled leather shoes.*

ROSS HARTWELL .....*is dressed in dark brown worsted cut-away coat and trousers, dark fancy vest, fashionable stand-up collar with bow tie, patent leather shoes with grey spats, a dark brown fedora hat and dark overcoat.*

HELEN CARRINGFORD...*is dressed in the conventional nurse's garb of white, with brown cloak and bonnet and grey suede gloves. On her left sleeve is a red cross.*

Gentleman GEORGE ....*is roughly dressed in a dark brown sack suit, with the collar of the coat turned up, black cap pulled down so as to shade his face, clumsy shoes and a blue cotton shirt without collar or tie.*

MATSADA .....*is dressed in a well-fitting sack suit, with fashionable stand-up collar and vivid red bow tie, black shoes and grey spats.*

ACT III.

Dr. ALLYN .....*is dressed as in Act II, with the exception of the house jacket, which is replaced by a sack coat to match vest and trousers.*

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.....*is elegantly and fashionably attired in a black tailored gown, small black hat and dark furs. She carries a lorgnette.*

KATHRYN DUPLESSIS...*wears a dark mixed grey, fancy tailor-made suit with grey gloves and shoes to match, ermine furs and a large black hat with plumes.*

HARTWELL .....*is dressed as in Act II.*

MATSADA .....*is dressed as in Act II.*

ACT IV.

Scene One.

Dr. ALLYN .....*is dressed in a lounging jacket and dark vest and trousers, standing collar, white four-in-hand tie and black enameled shoes.*

Mrs. ALLYN .....*is dressed in an elegant kimono and house slippers.*

ATKINS .....*is dressed in the conventional maid's garb with white apron and cap.*

ACT IV.

Scene Two.

Dr. ALLYN .....*is dressed as in Scene One.*

JIM CARRUTHERS.....*is fashionably attired in a black cutaway suit with dark tan gloves, high turn-over collar and dark blue bow tie, black derby hat and black enameled shoes.*

MRS. ALLYN .....*wears the same kimono as in Scene One.*

SCENES

THE FIRST ACT.

Dr. ALLYN'S office in the New York slums.

THE SECOND ACT.

Dr. ALLYN'S library and consultation room at his residence on Madison Avenue.

THE THIRD ACT.

The same as in the SECOND ACT.

THE FOURTH ACT.

SCENE I.—The breakfast room at the ALLYNS.
SCENE II.—The same as in the SECOND and THIRD ACTS.

TIME—The present.
PLACE—New York City.

THE FIRST ACT

THE FIRST ACT

TIME—The Present.

SCENE:

Dr. Allyn's office at his residence in lower Third Avenue, New York. The office is plainly furnished with un-upholstered oak chairs and a plain oak table used for a desk, a plain wooden wall instrument cabinet with glass front, showing instruments of various kinds, an office operating chair, a number of plain open shelves with an assortment of books, and a cheap drum stove. There is an old waste basket beneath the table filled to overflowing with old letters, magazines and newspapers. Two of the chairs each contain a pile of books and medical journals.

The table is littered with a confusion of books, medical journals and odd samples of medicines in bottles and boxes. Ash tray and "push-down" call bell on desk. Light is furnished by gas, the chandeliers being plain and obviously cheap. Several anatomic charts, some cheap engravings and prints and several framed diplomas and certificates are seen on the walls. Wall telephone below, at left, down stage.

On center wall is an electric cabinet and a tall, plain, wooden cabinet containing a human skeleton. This is constructed so that when the door of the cabinet is opened the top rotates forward with the door and the skeleton, suspended from the top, swings outward into the room.

On a small table, up stage, at right, is a cheap sterilizing apparatus and several jars containing cotton and bandages. A plain white enameled sink with two water faucets stands against the wall, at right. Below this sink hangs a glass irrigator on a metal stand. Conveniently near the sink hangs a plain white cloth extension screen.

In one corner, right, up stage, is an arrangement of shelves containing bottles and boxes of drugs of various colors. Below these shelves is a plain work table of pine. Upon this table is a cheap microscope, some books and papers, a stand of test-tubes and a centrifuge. On the floor is linoleum of mosaic pattern and a few cheap rugs.

The two windows at rear, right and left center, are single paned, and curtained with plain shades. A practical door at right and another at left. The door at left is an ordinary door with glass panel. It connects with a small reception hall. The doctor's name and hours can be seen on the glass door-panel and on both windows.

A pleasant evening in the early spring. The windows of the doctor's office are open. From the opposite side of the street come the sounds of a hurdygurdy playing the Merry Widow waltz, and the dancing feet and happy voices of little children. The hurdygurdy and the children move on and the sounds are lost in the distance. A moment later an altercation between an Irish policeman and a street loafer is heard just without, and the policeman is seen driving the fellow past the window down the street.

MATSADA *is seen arranging desk and furniture, which are in some disorder. Pauses for a moment before desk, regarding litter of books and magazines. Shakes his head deprecatingly.*

POLICEMAN.

Hey, there, you bum! Move on wid yez!

LOAFER.

Ah, gwan! I ain't doin' nuttin'.

POLICEMAN.

Is—that—so? Well, Oi'll take no chances. G'long now, or Oi'll run ye in!

[*Officer drives loafer away and disappears.*]

MATSADA.

(Still surveying the disorder.)

Bad—much bad! But honorable doctor say he kill anybody who makes books to upset.

[*Continues to arrange room, taking elaborate pains to heap up books and magazines with which several chairs are filled.*

Goes to instrument cabinet and stands curiously gazing at it for a moment. Tries knob and finds it locked. Shakes his head regretfully. Goes to tall cabinet in rear and finds key in lock. Smiles

with satisfaction. Opens door widely. Skeleton is disclosed! MATSADA *suddenly closes door and holds it shut by leanning against it with both hands. Hears doctor coming; jumps away from cabinet and stands frightened and trembling.*

Doctor, carrying instrument satchel. enters at left, notes the tableau and comprehends situation.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Satirically, putting satchel on top of instrument cabinet, removing gloves and putting them in his pocket, removing coat and hat and throwing them carelessly on a chair full of books.)

Well, Matsada, you seem a bit disturbed. Haven't had bad news from home, have you? Nothing wrong with our dear Mikado, I hope?

MATSADA.

(Shakily.)

Y—yis, sar; n—no, sar; th—thank you, sar.

Dr. ALLYN.

Ever hear of Mrs. Bluebeard, Matsada?

MATSADA.

(Bowing low.)

Y—yis, sar; n—no, sar.

Dr. ALLYN.

Somewhat ambiguous, but I infer that you never *have* heard of her. I shall take pleasure at some future time in making you acquainted with the lady.

MATSADA.

Yis sar. Thank you, sar.

Dr. ALLYN.

Don't mention it. You may make yourself scarce. And don't butt in this evening unless I ring for you. I have some work to do and don't wish to be disturbed. Understand?

MATSADA.

(Bowing low.)

No, sar—yis, sar.

[*Starts out at right. Pauses en route, turning toward doctor. Doctor takes book from library case and goes to desk. Turns up student lamp, lays book on desk, opens drawer, takes out writing pad and prepares to read and write.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Looking up.)

Well, what now?

MATSADA.

(Bowing low.)

Will honorable doctor please to sometime remember to make Matsada, the low-born, to see lady with honorable blue whiskers?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing prodigiously.)

Sure!

MATSADA.

(Bowing low.)

Thank you, sar.

[*Exit* MATSADA, *at right, picking up doctor's coat and hat en route.*

The doctor seats himself at his desk, lights pipe and begins reading and making notes by the light of student lamp. A ring at the 'phone. Doctor answers ring.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(At 'phone.)

Hello! ——— Yes, this is Doctor Allyn. ——— Oh, Dr. Weston! Yes, I hold my clinic in the morning, as usual. ——— Tumor of the cerebellum, eh? ——— Magnificent! ——— Thank you, Weston, for referring the case to me. By the way, old man, how's the new baby? ——— What! Already? *(Laughing.)* ——— No doubt, no doubt. ——— I suppose that in another week he'll be cracking walnuts with his teeth and running an automobile. ——— Oh, no, not for me. I'm too busy. ——— Don't you believe it 'till you see the cards. ——— So, you have her picked out, eh? *(Laughing.)* ——— All right, try it on. Say, Bob, you're a pretty fair surgeon, but as a matchmaker you're punk. ——— Drop into the clinic if you can and we'll go over that case together. ——— Good night!

[*Takes small memorandum book from pocket and makes note. Returns to desk, sighs, standing.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Well, Bob probably knows his own business best, but a man can't serve two mistresses, science and a family, at the same

time. *(Laughing.)* I can see old Bob's hand shake at an operation after walking the floor all night with a colicky infant! But *(Gravely, seating himself.)* it might not be a laughing matter for the patient.

[*Reads and makes notes for a moment. 'Phone rings. He answers.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(At 'phone.)

Hello ——— Yes, this is Dr. Allyn ——— Why, no; I can't very well call this evening. ——— Wouldn't tomorrow morning do? ——— Yes—I suppose I *could* come tonight, but probably not before midnight. ——— Very well.

[*Again makes a memorandum and returns to desk. Reads and makes notes for a moment. 'Phone rings. Answers 'phone.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(At 'phone.)

Hello! ——— Oh, the Herald. ——— N—no, I'd rather not be interviewed on that subject. ——— Can't say, it's too recent as yet, and besides, I don't believe in newspaper publicity for medical discoveries. ——— Sorry, but I can't help you this time.

[*Returns to desk, shrugging shoulders. Seats himself and looks down left center. Lays hand, palm downward, on open book and reflectively gazes into space.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Relighting pipe.)

Professional ethics is a queer thing. Now if they had called up old Hammingford, there would have been two columns with scare headlines in the paper tomorrow morning. And Hammingford would have gotten away with it, too. But if *I* had given to the Herald ten words, and they were published under *my* name, I'd have been churched by the Academy for unethical conduct. *(Turns to desk.)* Well, I suppose my time will come. If it ever does—*(Laughing.)* I'll have a press agent and stipulate that *my* stuff shall be printed in red ink.

[*Resumes reading and note-taking. 'Phone rings. Answers, irritably.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(At 'phone, crossly.)

Hello! ——— *(Lowers voice.)* Oh, good evening, Mrs. Reilly. *(Kindly.)* What can I do for you? ——— I don't think you have cause for worry. ——— No, not suddenly like that. ——— Give the little chap a teaspoonful of syrup of ipecac and put some cloths wet with cold water about his throat. Repeat the ipecac in an hour, if necessary. I'll drop in in the morning. ——— How's Mike? ——— A sergeant! eh? Glad to hear it. He deserves it. Good night!

[*Returns to desk, slams book shut with a bang and, standing, knocks ashes from his pipe and lays it on the desk.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Petulantly.)

Well, if this is the comfort of a bachelor's home, I wonder

how old Bob stands it! He must study in his sleep. *(Looks at watch.)* I may as well attend to that call now, and take my chances of getting some time for work later on.

[*Rings bell on desk. After a moment rings bell again loudly. Looks impatiently toward door at right.*

Enter MATSADA, *at right, stifling a yawn.*]

MATSADA.

(Sleepily.)

Did honorable doctor make bell to ring?

Dr. ALLYN.

Honorable doctor most certainly *did* make bell very *much* to ring. Were you asleep and dreaming of cherry blossoms and Geisha girls, or reading the gospel of Buddha?

MATSADA.

(Humbly, rubbing his eyes and bowing low.)

Your low-born servant was dreaming, but he did not to sleep. It is not good that he should sleep before honorable doctor.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

All right, Mr. Smooth; let it go at that. *(Looking at chair on which he laid coat and hat.)* Bring me my hat and overcoat. You seem to have concealed them somewhere.

MATSADA.

(Sleepily.)

Yis, sar. Thank you, sar.

[*Exit at right. Returns with hat and coat. Doctor dons them, with* MATSADA'S *assistance.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Putting on gloves.)

If there are any callers while I'm gone, Matsada, ask them to wait. I'll return within an hour.

MATSADA.

Yis, sar.

[*Doctor returns to desk, picks up several papers and puts them in drawer. Door bell rings.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Impatiently, looking up and facing MATSADA.*)*

Attend the door, Matsada.

[*Doctor, one glove on, stands at desk impatiently and expectantly waiting,* MATSADA, *bowing and scraping, opens door at left.*]

MALE VOICE.

Is the doctor in?

MATSADA.

(Still bowing and scraping.)

No. sar; thank you, sar. He will by and by in one hour come back. Please to make enter, sar.

[*Enter* ROSS HARTWELL. Dr. ALLYN, *removing glove en route, hastens toward him.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Joyfully.)

By Jove! if it isn't Ross! Hello, old man! How are you?

[*They shake hands warmly.*]

HARTWELL.

Hello, yourself, Esculapius! *(Noting that the doctor is ready for the street.)* But you were going out, and I mustn't interfere with the pursuit of the Golden Fleece. Don't want to buck against Mammon. He's a friend of mine.

Dr. ALLYN.

Mammon! That's a joke. Never mind Mammon, anyway. He can wait. There's no rush about the call. The case isn't urgent and I can attend to it later. Matsada, you unsophisticated chip of a Buddhist block, take Mr. Hartwell's hat and coat.

[MATSADA *takes* HARTWELL'S *hat and coat.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Have a chair, Ross.

[*Places chair at right of desk,* HARTWELL *seats himself, and the doctor, after*

removing coat and hat and tossing them onto a book-piled chair, follows suit by taking his usual seat at desk. MATSADA *ostentatiously rearranges doctor's hat and coat on book-piled chair and disappears through door at right with* HARTWELL'S *coat and hat.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Slapping HARTWELL *on the knee.)*

Ross, you're a life saver! My happy home life has been so strenuous this evening that I was trying to get away from it—by changing work for an hour.

[*Doctor rings bell and* MATSADA *appears, at right.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Matsada, the bottle and some cigars.

MATSADA.

(Smiling broadly.)

Yis, sar; thank you, sar.

[*Exit* MATSADA, *with alacrity—for the first time.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

You will notice, Ross, that Matsada did not ask *which* bottle. He knows your habits.

HARTWELL.

(Looking at chemicals on shelves.)

From the appearance of those shelves it may be as well that he does know my habits. He might bring the wrong bottle. I shouldn't like to have Matsada bringing me bottles at random. I fancy I'm not popular with him.

Dr. ALLYN.

You probably have ruffled his dignity at some time or other. He's long on dignity.

[MATSADA *returns, by door at right, with tray, whisky bottle, glasses, siphon seltzer bottle and cigars. Presents tray to gentlemen. Each takes a glass.* MATSADA *places tray on desk, shoving back books, papers, etc., to make room for it. Returns with whisky bottle, pours whisky into* HARTWELL'S *glass, and returns to tray.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Matsada knows my habits, too. You won't mind if I drink seltzer?

HARTWELL.

Not at all. You always do drink some such horrible stuff—and I never do mind. Matsada, I'll have some of the same buzz water, on the side.

[MATSADA *attempts to fill glasses and squirts seltzer all over himself. He stands helplessly looking from tray to the gentlemen, and vice versa.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Great heavens! Matsada, what do you think you're doing—blowing up Port Arthur? Bring that tray here. If you Japs can't use explosives better than that, you'll get a good licking some day. You can guess who'll do it.

[MATSADA *brings tray to doctor.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Rising, and showing MATSADA.*)*

Don't press your finger so hard on the trigger, Matsada. See—this is the way.

[*The gentlemen drink and the doctor seats himself.*]

HARTWELL.

(Sarcastically.)

I hope the seltzer took some of the pain out of Matsada's dignity.

[MATSADA, *unnoticed, glares furiously at* HARTWELL *and suggestively moves his fingers as though he would like to strangle him.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Without glancing up at MATSADA.*)*

Cigars, Matsada.

MATSADA.

(Suddenly composing features and hands.)

Yis, sar; thank you, sar.

[MATSADA *presents holder with cigars*

and lights match for each gentleman. Replaces holder on stand, helping himself to a cigar and putting it in his pocket ostentatiously and smilingly.]

Dr. ALLYN.

That's all, Matsada.

[*Exit* MATSADA, *by door at right.*]

HARTWELL.

I'm glad to know that I'm really not intruding, Gilbert. My conscience troubles me when I run in on you unceremoniously. You're usually delving into some big tome or other, digging out misinformation for the bewilderment of the medical profession.

Dr. ALLYN.

And that gets on your nerves, doesn't it, you bubble of society froth? Well, turn about is fair play. Your devil-may-care attitude and lack of ambition are perfectly maddening to me. I wish I could make that alert brain of yours the bond slave of my brain—make you work for me ten hours a day, gathering intellectual plums to satisfy my mental hunger.

HARTWELL.

(Nonchalantly.)

Oh, what's the use? A fellow doesn't need to know much to keep in the swim. There's no use being an intellectual heavy when lightweights pass as the coin current of wisdom. Con 'em, my boy, con 'em! *Vive la* fourflush! Gather just enough dead lumber from other men's mental garrets to fool the ad-

dlepates that don't know anything, and you're all right. A fellow's brow might be so high that when the barber shaved his neck he'd have to dodge his eyebrows—but it wouldn't get him anything for the flesh-pots.

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes; but unless a fellow has plenty of intellectual ammunition on hand, he's likely, sooner or later, to meet his Waterloo.

HARTWELL.

(Satiricallly, reaching for ash tray, which the doctor pushes toward him, and flipping ash from his cigar.)

Not in New York society, my boy, and there's the place to gather grist for the mill. It's easy picking.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Why, I supposed that our Wall Street bears and social lions had to back up their sharp teeth and imposing fronts with intellectual accomplishments.

HARTWELL.

Forget it, my boy; forget it! They're like some of those swell-front houses—so shallow that you tumble down the back steps as soon as you enter the front door. You could put in your change-pocket all the real knowledge possessed by the average business or social success—and then you'd have to get out a search warrant if you ever wanted to find it again. Society! A world in which a male biped with bad arteries and locomotor ataxia is a gentleman, and a lady is a female with a muddy

complexion and a pain in her back Wait till you get as near 'em as I am, and you'll agree with me.

Dr ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Ross, you're incorrigible. Possibly your lack of digger's ambition is one of the reasons why you interest me.

[*He refills* HARTWELL'S *glass.*]

HARTWELL.

Well, the unlike attracts. You ought to find me mighty fascinating—and mighty restful for brain fag. I'm an Epicurean, through and through. I don't like work—and I don't want to be a genius with egg on my whiskers. The pursuit of pleasure is my vocation, law my avocation Martin Luther's philosophy is good enough for me· *(Raises glass.) Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang, bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang!*

[*Drinks.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

The world of pleasure is your oyster, eh?

HARTWELL.

(Setting down glass.)

Falstaff was no fool. Why, I wouldn't trade my yacht or my horses for all the glory your studies will ever bring you. As for knowledge, so long as little sells for much, I don't care to accumulate much to sell for little—and that's what you'll do, all your life. And the best you'll ever get will be a few moist weeps at your funeral—for you're a doctor, and you can't

break into the Hall of Fame with an ax! I'm like that old chap who said: Give me taffy while I'm alive, and to hell with the epitaphy. But what's been rasping your nerves this evening?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Rising, replacing in library book from desk and returning to desk.)

Why, nothing unusual, I confess. Life with me is like that of every doctor—largely made up of small worries—and chiefly other people's at that. I don't suppose things were any worse this evening than usual, but I'd settled down to a few hours of quiet enjoyment, and have made rather a failure of it.

HARTWELL.

(Laughing.)

I see—an evening of drudgery over some essay or other, on the wherefore of the which—or why is a lunatic or a criminal?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

We'll not quarrel about terms. I really *was* writing a paper for the Academy, and was disturbed in a most maddening way. That infernal 'phone has been ringing every few minutes all evening and I finally—

[*'Phone rings loudly and long.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

There goes that beastly thing again!

[*Answers 'phone.* HARTWELL *laughs uproariously.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(At 'phone, testily.)

Hello! ——— Hello! Oh, Kicky McQuirk, eh? ——— Well, you have your gall with you. Lucky for you that I'm qualifying for a nerve specialist. ——— What are you in for now? ——— Assault and battery! ——— Great Fitzsimmons! I thought I'd cured you of that. ——— All right, you'll keep where you are 'till morning ——— I'll be at the police court at 10 o'clock. Good night, and by the way, don't steal the furniture of the hotel.

HARTWELL.

(Sarcastically.)

There's nothing like a fashionable *clientèle,* eh, Gilbert? One of your Fifth Avenue millionaires, of course?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing, returning to desk.)

An old friend of my Blackwell's Island days. He was my convict orderly during my service as surgeon at the pen. I'd lost track of him until a short time ago, when our acquaintance was renewed in a very peculiar way *(Seats himself on upper corner of desk.)* Like to hear the story?

HARTWELL.

(Sighing resignedly.)

I've already stood for a large batch of your romances and tragedies of the slums, and I may as well chance another, so blaze away.

Dr. ALLYN.

I was on my way to call on one of my dispensary out-patients on Second Avenue some weeks ago, when I noticed an elegant car, standing in front of a tumble-down tenement a little way down the street. Just as I glanced at the out of place machine a young woman appeared at the door of the tenement, on her way to the car. As she reached the sidewalk a rough looking man jostled against her, grabbed her hand-bag and ran down the street in my direction. I stepped aside and, as he passed, caught him flush on the chin. He went down and out. I went to the assistance of the young woman and found that she had a badly sprained ankle. With the assistance of the chauffeur I put her into the car and returned to my man. I assisted him to his feet and was astonished to find that he was my old orderly. He apologized for robbing a loidy friend of mine, and complimented me on the blow I gave him. Said it was like a punch from the end of a telegraph pole; which, coming from the Honorable "Kicky" McQuirk, sometime middleweight champion of the East Side, was quite a compliment. I got my friend out of the way just as Rafferty, the patrolman, came strolling along. I returned to the car, introduced myself, and the young woman, after thanking me for the return of her handbag and inquiring after the health of McQuirk, invited me to ride home with her and take charge of her injured ankle. As she resides in a fashionable part of Fifth Avenue, you'll note that I've really fought my way into *élite* circles.

HARTWELL.

Oh, ho! Quite a romance. Heroine rescued from villain! Hero rewarded with her hand! When will the wedding bells ring? But what's her name? Don't be afraid, I won't steal her.

Dr. ALLYN.

Knowing your weakness, I call that very generous; but I don't believe you *could* steal her, anyway, Ross. The young woman has brains—and plenty of them.

HARTWELL.

(Laughingly.)

Thank you so much for calling my attention to the obvious. But, my boy, the brain obstacle is not all one-sided. Female prodigies are not to my taste. They're too much in the clouds, and inclined to be skittish. I like 'em nearer the earth. Female highbrows *can* be brought down, but it's too much trouble, so long as the shooting in the social woods is as easy as in a game preserve. The intellectual side of this soul mate and affinity business is largely bunk, anyhow. It's a lame excuse some people give for primitive instincts.

Dr. ALLYN.

What a beautiful combination of rake and cynic you are, Ross!

HARTWELL.

And tolerated by you because I'm a fine subject for study, eh? See here, Gilbert, you're so straight that you're a freak, but your ideals are no higher than mine were once. How did you keep yours?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Reflectively.)

Well, I didn't do it alone. Father, mother, sister, my ambition, and—a memory—the memory of a little girl I used to play with. She died, long ago, but—

HARTWELL.

(Cynically.)

Be glad of that. Fate isn't kind to women. A fellow gets a shock when he sees at forty the sweetheart of sixteen.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Well, then, let's be thankful for the faculty of imagination—Poor little Madge!

HARTWELL.

The difference between us is largely a matter of illusions. I've lost mine, that's all. I haven't any family idols or—

Dr. ALLYN.

But your mother?

HARTWELL.

Oh, I had one, all right. Don't remember the evening we were introduced. The family doctor did it. I have her picture, inscribed—From Mamma. I remember my foster mother best.

Dr. ALLYN.

Your foster mother!

HARTWELL.

Yes; my foster mother—Mrs. A. Bottle—the only mother in New York society who isn't ashamed of nature—too busy to nurse the baby—afraid of spoiling her shape or—

Dr. ALLYN.

Or a fountain of life gone dry, eh? It's a pity Mrs. Bottle couldn't be cleaner in her habits. She'd have the other society mothers beat all around. And your father?

HARTWELL.

Dad was a good sort and a game old sport, but mother was too busy with social stunts to devote much time to him, so he divided his time between Wall Street and—his own little bottle.

Dr. ALLYN.

Any sisters?

HARTWELL.

Nary a sister, and I'm damned glad of it.

Dr. ALLYN.

Sweetheart?—the real thing?

HARTWELL.

(Satirically, looking at the doctor a second before replying.)

Well, you *are* some quiz-master!—Yes; *I* have a memory—two of 'em.

Dr. ALLYN.

Two of them!

HARTWELL.

Yes; two—one, the girl I was going to marry when I grew up; the other the same girl grown up.

Dr. ALLYN.

What became of her?

HARTWELL.

Ever hear of Madame Casper?

Dr. ALLYN.

Madame Casper?

HARTWELL.

Yes; Madame Casper, of the tenderloin.

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes; I've heard of her.

HARTWELL.

Well—

Dr. ALLYN.

What! Was she your—

HARTWELL.

(Rising.)

Beautiful evening, isn't it? Let's have a drink.

[*They drink in silence, the doctor taking seltzer, as before.*]

HARTWELL.

(Seating himself and continuing.)

Well, go on. Who is the female paragon?

Dr. ALLYN.

She's the only daughter of Eben Carringford, Wall Street broker, retired. *(Laughing.)* He's an exception to your rule as to the intellect of successful business men, for he thinks I'm a fine doctor.

HARTWELL.

Indeed! Then I'll admit, with due deference to your modesty, that he has *some* intelligence.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

As for Miss Carringford, she is no rich man's spoiled child. Her complexion is not muddy—and she's not subject to backache.

HARTWELL.

(Interjecting sarcastically.)

Not in society, eh? How interesting!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

She's a practical sociologist, an author and an enthusiastic slum worker. Better still, she has submerged sex in her ambition to be useful to humanity.

HARTWELL.

(Striking desk with his fist and rising.)

By Jove! Can you beat it? Talk about luck—why, she's your female counterpart! Two cranks with but a single think; two souls that slum as one! Whom hobbies have joined to-

gether let no man put asunder. *(Sneeringly.)* Submerged her sex!—tommyrot! Just throw her a life-preserver that wears trousers and see if she doesn't grab it. If husbands had been provided for lonesome suffragettes, female suffrage would have died abornin—and its disciples would be raising less hell and more babies. Take it from me, Gilbert, your cue is to get in line for the heiress. Don't let her get away, my boy. *(Looks around.)* I fancy I can see a way out of your present circumstances.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

My good friend, I don't believe you ever *will* understand me. Still less will you ever understand such noble women as Miss Carringford. When I was working among the poor devils at Blackwell's Island—the Isle of the Unfit—I resolved to devote my life to ameliorating the conditions of the man beneath—the underdog. In my present field I'm close to him, where I can work to the best advantage. I must do my duty as I see it.

HARTWELL.

Duty! An ugly word; suggests disagreeable things. But it doesn't bother me. I attend to only the pleasurable affairs of life—and they never *are* duties. Duty! Don Quixote and the windmills! What can you accomplish in your little span? All the preaching ever heard; all the damn fool theories ever concocted; all the courts and jails the world has ever seen, have miserably failed. There is the same percentage of social scum and dregs as ever. The world's greatest reformer bucked against a system two thousand years ago; he lost himself—and the world is not yet saved. The Nazarene never appealed to me much. He was a good sort—couldn't be improved on—

but when he bucked against ignorance, indifference and selfish ambition he was bound to lose out. The fellow who tries to save people who don't want to be saved, and who merely question his motives or regard him as a lunatic, is a fool. Reform! Hell! I don't believe it would take many cords of wood to build crucifixes for all of my family that ever went into the reform business. Gilbert, you—make—me—tired! Why not do as I do—take the world as you find it?

[HARTWELL *impatiently returns to his seat and lights cigar.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Emphatically, rising and walking about.)

Because our viewpoints differ. I must live my life, and I've planned it along lines different from yours. The world has failed to better itself because it has never been thoroughly in earnest—because it has tried to *cure* social ills instead of preventing them by combating causes. I'm going to do what I can to help set matters right. And the case is not so hopeless as you think. *(Stops and faces* HARTWELL.*)* Why, man, the time will come when the horrible results of human passions will be looked upon as evidences of semi-barbarism—of ignorance and bad health. Bad nutrition, bad heredity, dirt and social imbecility are the devils that underlie crime. Well nourished, clean, happy and intelligent human beings are instinctively honest and peaceable. Not out of preaching, but out of sound bodies and disciplined minds will come at last, peace on earth, good will to men.

HARTWELL.

(Cynically.)

Yes; but what's bred in the bone—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Impressively.)

That works both ways; and besides, every child has a right to be well born and we must help him to come into his own. He can't select his own parents, hence we should do some selecting for him. It is for society to say whether the marriage license shall be a ticket to hell for souls unborn, or a passport to the only heaven we are sure of—a happy, wholesome life. Society should protect the unborn. Some parents have no right to have children—many prospective children have the right not to be even conceived. The sins of the fathers are visited only through the blood of the fathers. Even the sinless bad blood of one generation may be the criminal bad blood of the next. Good, clean blood will wash the devil off the map.

[*The doctor walks toward the library case.*]

HARTWELL.

(Dubiously, shaking his head.)

Well, your doctrine is a mighty uncomfortable one. Any fellow who climbs his family tree high enough is likely to find something queer up yonder. I should think your own sleep would be disturbed at times. Nobody can feel safe.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Explosively, stopping suddenly and facing HARTWELL.*)*

Safe? No man is safe. On my father's side, not so far back, were rude, roistering giants who drank deep, played high—and fought hard. Some, I suspect, were squires of dames; some died forgetting to take off their boots. On my mother's side,

good old Puritans—angels at prayer and devils in a fight. No real crime—and no streak of yellow—anywhere—but plenty of savage. All my life I've been afraid of that savage.

HARTWELL.

(Reflectively, rising and standing near desk at right.)

Well, after all, it's nice to have some rascally ancestor or a bad digestion to fall back on. *(Sarcastically.)* If it were only possible to hang or imprison your great grandfather, or fine your liver ten dollars and costs! Vicarious atonement and suffering for the sins and bad blood of your ancestors is deucedly unfair. But I've no kick coming, so far. The rather exciting current of my ancestral blood has flowed through pleasant places. *(Laughing.)* Great Bacchus and Venus! I sure have had one hell of a good time! I owe my ancestors for lots of fun—they must have been damned busy people, as well as moneymakers.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing, and seating himself at desk.)

Granted, Sir Profligate! But there must have been a good streak somewhere. If it ever comes to the top you'll be a model citizen, in spite of yourself.

HARTWELL.

(Mockingly.)

Oh, help!—But, seriously, Gilbert, are you really contented here?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Thoughtfully.)

In great measure, yes. I sometimes wish I now had the money

and position I one day probably will have, but only because I could use them to do more and better work. But I'm reconciled to remaining in the slums so long as I'm laying the foundation for my life work.

[*Hurdy-gurdy is seen, and heard discordantly playing "In Old New York" outside of front window.* HARTWELL *laughs. Dr.* ALLYN rings for MATSADA, *who promptly appears, at door at right.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Handing MATSADA *a piece of money.)*

Here, Matsada, give this to that music butcher and chase him away!

MATSADA.

(Taking money.)

Yis, sar.

[MATSADA *starts toward door at left. Organ grinder's monkey appears on window sill, cap in hand.*]

HARTWELL.

(To MATSADA, *laughing.)*

Give it to Grafto, the Monk.

[MATSADA *drops money in monkey's cap.*]

MATSADA.

(Calling out of the window.)

Better you go 'way, pretty much damn quick!

[*Monkey disappears.*
Exit MATSADA *at door at right. Sound of hurdy-gurdy moves on and dies out in distance.*]

HARTWELL.

(Resuming with spirit.)

Your sentiments are very pretty, my boy—which can't be said of your music—but why not get into a decent neighborhood and live like a gentleman? A nice office and an automobile wouldn't interfere with your delving into the human muck heap. The machine might help you to see more of it.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Apologetically, glancing about.)

Oh, that will all come about some day. I don't live very sumptiously, I'll admit. My only luxury is Matsada and he's indispensable. Being a bachelor, a maid would be unconventional—and I don't like any of our domesticated breeds of man-servant.

HARTWELL.

(Sneeringly.)

I should call Matsada a disagreeable necessity rather than a luxury.

Dr. ALLYN.

Not at all. He's intelligent and talks little; he's faithful, is learning rapidly and is teaching me jiu jitsu. He has even become a fair surgical dresser. *(Laughing.)* He blows himself up with chemicals every day or two, but chemicals are cheap and I haven't much furniture to burn, so I don't mind that.

(Shrugging shoulders.)

Well, every man to his taste. *(Grimly.)* Let's hope that Matsada's curiosity may yet be the death of him.—But have you no desire for society?

Dr. ALLYN.

No; and as for the upper world in general *(Smiling)*, well, I don't need to seek it. You bring it to my very door—and sometimes, my dear boy, the underworld does not suffer by comparison.

HARTWELL.

(Laughing.)

A hit—a very palpable hit!

[*Bell rings.* MATSADA *enters at right and answers ring. Both gentlemen look inquiringly toward door at left.*]

MALE VOICE.

Is Dr. Allyn in?

MATSADA.

(Bowing obsequiously.)

No, sar; yis, sar. Please to make enter, sar.

[MATSADA, *still bowing obsequiously, ushers in* Mr. CARRINGFORD and Miss CARRINGFORD. MATSADA *stares wonderingly at* Miss CARRINGFORD.]

HARTWELL.

(Aside to Dr. ALLYN.*)*

I have a hunch that here's some society I did *not* bring to your

door. It's your blue stocking, I'll bet a hat. I feel it in my bones.

[HARTWELL *grabs tray and bottles and hides them under desk. Remains politely standing above doctor's desk chair, with right hand on back of same, looking toward visitors.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Rushing to meet his visitors and greeting them effusively.)

Well; of all things! Miss Carringford! Mr. Carringford! This *is* a surprise. *(Shakes finger at Miss C.)* See here, young lady, didn't I tell you not to attempt getting about on that ankle without my permission?

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(Bluffly.)

Just what I told her, Doctor. But she insisted on trying the experiment and surprising you, and I *had* to surrender—as I always do.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

But, Doctor, my foot is perfectly well, and you know it. If father hadn't been so fussy about it you'd have had me out long ago. I suspect you and he have been plotting against me.

[Miss CARRINGFORD *smiles affectionately at her father and pats him on the cheek.*]

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(With mildly despairing gesture.)

You see, Doctor, who's boss at my house. Pity the woes of the father of a strong-minded daughter.

Dr. ALLYN.

Pity the woes of the physician with a self-willed patient. But permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Hartwell, Miss Carringford, and Mr. Carringford.

[HARTWELL *and visitors step toward each other.*]

Miss HARTWELL.

(Bowing formally.)

I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hartwell.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(Heartily, shaking hands vigorously.)

Glad to know you, sir.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Quietly, regarding HARTWELL *attentively.)*

If I am not mistaken, I have heard Dr. Allyn speak of you, Mr. Hartwell.

HARTWELL.

(Gallantly.)

I'm sure that I've heard the doctor speak of you, Miss Carringford—so enthusiastically that I suspect you are one of his star patients.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Smiling and turning toward the doctor.)

If the doctor's generosity is equal to his skill, I'm sure I've not suffered by anything he has said of me.

HARTWELL.

(Bowing politely.)

I assure you that you have not, Miss Carringford. *(Turning to Dr. Allyn.)* And now, Gilbert, that I can leave you in better hands, I'll be going.

Dr. ALLYN.

Why hurry? It's early yet.

HARTWELL.

I promised to drop in at the club this evening and as you no longer need me to help you kill time, I can, with a clear conscience, keep my engagement. And so I will say good night.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Calmly, studying HARTWELL.*)*

I hope we may meet you again, Mr. Hartwell.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(Cordially.)

Here, too, sir.

HARTWELL.

(Genially.)

If you ever get the doctor to call socially I shall beg the

pleasure of calling with him. *(Laughing.)* But I warn you, he's a hard nut to crack.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Enthusiastically, turning to the doctor and smiling sweetly.)

But he already has promised to call!—and *(Perfunctorily, turning to* HARTWELL.*)* I'm sure he'll also promise to bring you with him, sometime.

Dr. ALLYN.

I surely will.

[*They exchange good-nights, and* HARTWELL *leaves, by door at left.* MATSADA *shows him out.* HARTWELL *stops for a second at exit. Looks back and smiles, significantly.*]

HARTWELL.

(To himself, sneeringly.)

Submerged her sex, eh? Blood all turned to ice-water! All run to intellect! I see breakers ahead, my precious pair of brainies.

[*Exit Hartwell.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gallantly proffering a chair to Miss CARRINGFORD, *who seats herself.)*

Won't you remove your coat, Mr. Carringford?

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

I believe not, thank you, Doctor. It's hardly worth while, as we can remain but a few moments.

Dr. ALLYN.

Matsada, another chair.

MATSADA.

(Aside.)

But the books, honorable Doctor?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Aside.)

Dump 'em on the floor. *(To the Carringfords.)* I have an awful time pounding order into Matsada.

MATSADA.

(Raising hands protestingly.)

Holy Buddha!

[Mr. CARRINGFORD *smiles indulgently and* Miss CARRINGFORD *laughs merrily.*]

[MATSADA *dumps books and papers, contents of chair, on floor. With mouth agape he curiously surveys* Miss CARRINGFORD *and brings the chair. Returning to books and papers, proceeds to pile them up on the floor as they were on the chair.* Mr. CARRINGFORD *seats himself.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

That's all, Matsada.

[MATSADA, *his self-imposed task half done, leaves, by door at right, slowly and reluctantly. At the door he turns with hand on knob and again surveys the young woman.*]

MATSADA.

(To himself, sorrowfully shaking his head.)

This is not yet to be the honorable blue whiskers lady.

[*Exit* MATSADA.]

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

I don't wonder you were surprised by our late call. If you were not a doctor it would have been too unceremonious for explanation. As it is, you'll have to strain a point in charity for rather unconventional people.

Dr. ALLYN.

I'm more than surprised, I'm gratified; and as for conventions, I know them not.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

But, all the same, I didn't want to call at this unholy hour and disturb a busy man, who probably is tired and has something else to do besides entertaining visitors. Unlike my headstrong daughter, here, I feel that there's always another day coming. But when she says go, her old dad goes, and that's all there is to it.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

And sometimes she insists on going with you?

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Archly.)

If you are sorry, she will go right home.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Warmly.)

Pray don't. If you try to do so I'll lock the door.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Laughing.)

Then I'll submit. A doctor's office would not be a cheerful prison.

[*Door bell rings.* MATSADA *enters at right and answers bell.*]

MALE VOICE.

(Excitedly.)

Is Doc in?

MATSADA.

No, sar. Yis, sar.

[*Officer* RAFFERTY *brushes past* MATSADA *and rushes in. Officer's hand bleeding and done up in handkerchief.*]

RAFFERTY.

(Excitedly.)

One o' thim dam dagoes got me in the hand, Doc!

[Dr. ALLYN *hurries to meet officer, examines hand briefly.* MATSADA *looks on with interest.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Nothing serious, Rafferty, my boy. Matsada, dress the gentleman's wound.

[MATSADA *motions officer to follow him and they disappear behind screen. The Carringfords regard scene with great interest.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Returning to guests.)

Pardon the interruption.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(Continuing.)

My conscience might be easier in disturbing you, Doctor—for I'm here with the double purpose of meeting you socially and talking over certain matters which may interest you personally—were it not that I fear you may think me impertinent in poking my nose into your affairs. But you will, I'm sure, take for granted the friendliness of my motives.

Dr. ALLYN.

Most assuredly. You have *carte blanche* to say anything you like. *(Smilingly turns to* Miss CARRINGFORD.*)* With such a fair witness present, I'm sure you'll not be too harsh with me.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

But the witness is biased. She was an active collaborator in the matter I have to lay before you.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Smiling.)

And now papa is sure of an audience, isn't he?

Dr. ALLYN.

Surer is the word. Mr. Carringford honors me by desiring an audience with me on any subject.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

Thank you, sir. And now to the matter in point. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you that I greatly appreciate the skill and attention you have devoted to my daughter. In addition, however, permit me to say that your personal qualities have greatly appealed to both Miss Carringford and myself.

Dr. ALLYN.

That is indeed a compliment.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

It was not so intended, my dear sir, but as a plain statement of fact. *(Abruptly.)* How long have you been practicing in this locality, Doctor?

Dr. ALLYN.

Five years. I located here immediately after leaving the hospital.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

Don't you think that you've buried yourself and your talents about long enough? Isn't it time that—

[*'Phone rings. Doctor answers.*]

RAFFERTY.

(Behind screen.)

Holy Moses! Be aisy, you spalpeen!

MATSADA.

Yis, sar—thank you, sar.

Dr. ALLYN.

(At 'phone.)

Hello! Hel—lo! ——— Yes, this is the doctor. Oh, Mrs. Jenkins, eh? ——— Why, what's the matter with the bill? ——— Fifteen dollars is too much! ——— Why, madam, you astonish me! ——— Weighed only five pounds! ——— Yes, but ———

[*While the doctor is talking over the wire,* Miss CARRINGFORD *is laughing quietly, not only at the doctor's remarks, but at her father, who is greatly discomposed.*]

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(Aside to his daughter, raising his hands in horrified protest.)

I fear, Helen, that—

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Aside to her father, laughing.)

You mustn't mind a little thing like that, daddy dear. I'm a slum worker, you know, and I'm not easily shocked.

[Mr. CARRINGFORD shakes his head *and raises his hands deprecatingly.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing at 'phone.)

Good Lord! Mrs. Jenkins, I'm not a butcher, but how many pounds did you order?—

[Mr. CARRINGFORD *attempts to speak.* Miss CARRINGFORD *laughingly pats him on the arm.*]

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Aside to father.)

Pshaw! Daddy, I've washed and dressed lots of them.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

What!

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Playfully putting her finger on her father's lip and looking toward the doctor.)

S—sh!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing at 'phone.)

I charged the Thompson's only twenty-five dollars for two! Yes, but they were twins—*(Satirically.)* popular brand, you know—two for twenty-five. *(Disgustedly.)* All right, make it ten!

[*Slams receiver up on hook and goes to guests.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

You were saying, Mr. Carringford—

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

I was about to ask if you did not think it was time that you sought a larger and more profitable field, one more suited to your abilities?

Dr. ALLYN.

Why, my dear sir, how could I be better situated than here for the prosecution of my special work—here, where I can get close to the very heart of things? I'm studying at close range the conditions of the under-dog—of the unfit, hoping I may do something for him. Out of the ranks of the slum children our criminals are chiefly recruited. Where could I find a finer field of observation than here, where vice and crime go hand in hand with poverty, filth, ignorance and disease?

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

But why is it necessary to have your base of operations in such surroundings? It's bad enough to do as Helen does—*(Helen smiles significantly at Dr. Allyn)* and make excursions into the slums or bring 'em to your back door. You really ought to see some of her pensioners who call around regularly.

Dr. ALLYN.

But by practicing among them I gain the confidence of the people I wish to study—and I also feel that they need me.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

Need!—Fiddlesticks! If you'll pardon my saying so, that's the egotism you doctors all have. Candidly, I think one doctor is about as good as another for practical results in the slums.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Yet you yourself seem to assign some importance to the personal equation in your relations to my profession.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Clapping her hands and laughing.)

Ah, ha! he had you there, daddy dear.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(Rising.)

I'm not so sure that he had me there. The people one meets in this neighborhood probably don't care a rap about the personal equation. I doubt if the doctor himself is concerned with the impression he makes on them. *They* want relief and he wants to study *them,* and there you are. The trouble with you, Doctor, is that you have an idea that you must crucify yourself in order to do good. Well, you've served your apprenticeship at the martyr business—had your baptism of fire—and it's time for you to look out for your own interests a bit. Besides, even admitting that you're on the right track—and I'm not going to argue the point—I've found by experience at home that it's useless—*(Looks at daughter and smiles;* Miss CARRINGFORD *laughs.)* you need money for your work. Money is the sinews of war. Why, even the preachers must have money or they can't fight the devil—and they have a small contract compared with yours.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing heartily.)

Well, I'm assailed from all sides. My friend, Hartwell, had

just finished laboring with me along similar lines as you came in.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

I don't know what arguments your friend used—worldly ones, I dare say—but I think father is right, even though he does lay too much stress on the fleshpots.

Dr. ALLYN.

What chance have I now? The law, the lady and the wizard of finance! Really, if this keeps up I'll be compelled to give up practice and go into trade.

[MATSADA *comes from behind screen with officer and shows him out, at left. Returns and leaves room by door at right.*]

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

(Grimly, glancing significantly at MATSADA *and officer.)*

That would be too practical and sensible for a dreamer, and especially for a doctor. Your profession is so afraid of the accusation of being businesslike that it's no wonder it's poor. There are, to be sure, shining and not always admirable exceptions, but they merely prove the rule.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Protestingly.)

But, my dear Mr. Carringford, I fear you don't quite appreciate the true professional spirit—or professional duty.

MR. CARRINGFORD.

(With enthusiasm.)

Don't I, though? Appreciate it! Why, the grandest man and easiest mark I ever knew was a doctor—the real old fashioned kind—in the little village where I was born. Everybody loved old Doctor Cochrane—and imposed on him. For forty years the old man had been dosing people in that township, but he never got much out of life for himself. He'd been too unselfish ever to think of that. Many a time I've known that dear old man to get out of bed and go driving through snow drifts up to his horse's flanks, to relieve somebody or other of some fool pain that would have kept all right till morning. And he didn't draw the line on anybody. He amended the Golden Rule to read: Do unto others as you would that they would do unto you, an' do it gosh dinged quick! He never let the women and children suffer because the men were fools —or rascals. The old doctor went on, introducing new-born babes to their parents; smiling at his own aches and pains and poulticing ours; advising the young and consoling the old; pulling teeth and lancing gums; putting store clothes on family skeletons and whitewashing reputations—so they would look handsome to the neighbors—until he fell in harness. *(Feelingly.)* We gave the old man a splendid funeral, but the nearest he ever got to what was coming to him was the shining of the sun and moon and the beating of the rain and snow on his grave. Possibly the angels perched on his tomb and sang peans of praise over him; but that didn't raise the mortgage on his farm or help his widow to pay the interest. Oh, yes! I know all about the professional duty idea. It went all right in that little village, but it won't do as a steady diet in New York. Keep your ideals, Doctor, but for heaven's sake tinge them with a little practicality.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Thoughtfully.)

Possibly you're right, Mr. Carringford. But changing my location prematurely would be like launching out into unknown seas, and failure would be worse than shipwreck. I've saved no more than enough to make a fair start.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

But you'll not fail. I'll help you succeed—I'll *make* you succeed. I can do so with a clear conscience, for I know your skill. A few good patients to begin with and the trick is done. These, I think, my influence will supply. *(Laughing.)* I will aid you to assess the predatory rich—a little depletion will do us good. Then, like the brigand of the classics, you can give to the poor what you take from the plutocrats. Think it over, Doctor. *(Looking at his watch.)* And now we must be going.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Rising and extending hand and looking appealingly at Dr. ALLYN.*)*

You *will* think it over, won't you, Doctor?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

I promise you that I will at least consider your father's kind offer, for I'm sorely tempted.

[*Rings bell.* MATSADA *appears.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Matsada, my coat and hat.

[MATSADA *gets coat and hat, clumsily upsetting chair and books. Assists doc-*

tor on with coat. Doctor gets his satchel.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

I've a call to make, Mr. Carringford, which, after your description of the old country doctor's life, will be an easy task.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

Can't we take you in our machine to see your patient?

Dr. ALLYN.

You're very kind, but I've only a short distance to go, and besides, *(Laughing.)* I mustn't put on style. I'd lose caste, and get into bad habits.

Mr. CARRINGFORD.

We'll take that up later.

[*Exit everybody, laughing. Murmur of voices of party heard outside as they are leaving.*

MATSADA *stands in middle of room looking after the party. He shakes his head deprecatingly.*]

MATSADA.

Honorable doctor very much foolishness! Pretty lady much damn quick cure foolishness.

CURTAIN.

THE SECOND ACT

THE SECOND ACT

TIME—Two years later. A winter evening.

SCENE:

Dr. Allyn's library and consultation room at his residence on Madison Avenue.

Typic library furnishings. The quality of the library furnishings, books, pictures and curios shows prosperity and refinement.

Pretentious table desk at right center with row of drawers on each side. Desk is littered with books and papers. Student lamp on desk. Elegant Turkish rug at left of desk. Library inkstand, paper-cutter, penholders, pencils, blotting pad, tobacco, pipe, ash tray, human skull beside open book, large callipers, leather-covered photograph case, 'phone and call bell with push-button for same on desk. Electrolier above desk, button for same hanging by cord over desk. Open fireplace at left.

Wide curtained exit, curtains open at left of center in rear, showing reception hall. Small cabinet with double doors, on top of which are liquors in decanters and cigars in glass jars, alongside fireplace. Four elegant leather covered library chairs, one desk chair at left of desk, two easy chairs, one at right and one below desk. Wastebasket under desk. Numerous framed certificates, diplomas and portrait engravings on the walls. Large geographic globe in corner. Modern filing cabinet at right, up stage.

An alcove room—laboratory—with double sliding door and portieres at right of center in rear, showing a high work table with scales, retorts, test-tubes, several large bottles and a large microscope upon it. High stool in front of table. Lying on the table are several books, one book open. Shelves above table contain various colored fluids and powders.

Hat rack and umbrella-stand at center in rear, with automobile cap, coat, several hats and umbrellas. Large couch without back, left of center, down stage.

Double window in curtained recess at right, with curtains almost completely open. Elegant Turkish rug before this window. Library bookcase with books in wall at left, up stage. Grandfather clock at right, down stage. Cabinet on wall in rear at right of center, with row of human skulls. Large modern safe against wall at left, down stage.

Dr. ALLYN *is seen sitting on high stool at table in laboratory, at work with microscope, making notes from time to time on writing pad.* MATSADA *is quietly putting desk in order, studiously avoiding skull—with evident dread of it. From time to time he stops, glances with puzzled expression alternately from skull to doctor and from doctor to skull. He finally shakes his head, as though giving up the problem.*

Dr. ALLYN.

(Stopping to make a note and without looking up.)

Leave a little disorder, Matsada. Too much system embarrasses me. And be careful of that skull. Better put the gentleman back with the rest of the family.

MATSADA.

Yis, sar.

[*Throws handkerchief over skull and gingerly picks it up with both hands, holding it away from him and averting his head as if dreading an explosion.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Glancing up.)

Tut! tut! Matsada; that's a Russian. Surely you're not afraid to manhandle a Russian!

MATSADA.

(Loudly, but still averting head.)

N—no, sar!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Why don't you jiu jitsu him? Try that last grip you taught me.

[*Returns to microscope.*]

MATSADA.

(Flurriedly.)

Y—yis, sar.

[*Skull slips from his hands and strikes floor. He stands helplessly looking at skull.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sternly, glancing up, wheeling about on stool and facing MATSADA.]

Mind what you're doing, Matsada! This is not a bowling alley.

[MATSADA *scrambles after skull, picks it up, with averted face, and holds it at arms' length.*]

MATSADA.

Excuse to me, please, honorable doctor. I have not him to hurt. He is still to be very well.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

All right, Matsada, if he's very well put him in his proper place in the cabinet.

[*Resumes work.*]

MATSADA.

Thank you, sar.

[MATSADA, *with one eye on the doctor, awkwardly and fearfully picks up skull, slyly puts it in waste basket, pushing basket far under desk, and resumes put-*

ting desk and room in order. Shies like a horse at cabinet containing skulls. Having finished his task, he turns toward cabinet and works fingers as though he would like to perform jiu jitsu on skulls.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Exultingly, half rising.)

Ah, ha! I've got you at last, you little rascal!

MATSADA.

(Starting as if caught in some forbidden act.)

Y—Yis, sar!

[*Doctor draws picture of object under microscope.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Delightedly, still sketching.)

And to think, Matsada, that I almost overlooked him!

MATSADA.

Yis, sar.

[*Looks beneath furniture, out in hall and behind curtains, then stands bewildered.*]

MATSADA.

But, honorable doctor, I do not honorable rascal to see.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing, leaving microscope and entering library.)
Well, Matsada, I doubt if you'd recognize that little germ if you did see him. I may have some trouble in convincing the Academy of his identity. Did any one 'phone while I was at dinner?

MATSADA.

Yis, sar. Mees Car—— Mees Car——

Dr. ALLYN.

Miss Carringford?

MATSADA.

Yis, sar, that is him. She say it she will come here at the nine o'clock.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Looking at his watch.)
Oh, indeed! And why didn't you tell me without my asking?

MATSADA.

(Shrugging shoulders.)
Because honorable doctor to everybody have say it is not good to make speak with him when he is look through honorable brass eye.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing, approaches desk.)
You're a bit too literal at times, Matsada.

MATSADA.

Yis, sar. Thank you, sar.

[MATSADA *affects putting room in order. Doctor seats himself and looks for something on desk.* MATSADA *stops before cabinet containing liquors and cigars. Gazes at it longingly.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Without looking up, and reading memoranda which he has found.)

Help yourself, Matsada.

MATSADA.

(Grinning, and taking cigar.)

Yis, sar. Thank you, sar.

[*Repairs to anteroom, stops at exit, noisily scratches a match and would light cigar.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Looking up.)

Here, you yellow peril! Don't ever let me catch you smoking in my anteroom. I won't permit that, even to save the Philippines.

[*Exit* MATSADA *by reception hall, with gesture of despair.*

Doctor ALLYN *resumes writing. Enter* ROSS HARTWELL, *at door of reception hall, silently ushered in by* MATSADA, *who evidently has met him at the door.*

HARTWELL *tosses overcoat and hat to* MATSADA, *motions to him to remain silent, stops just within entrance and surveys doctor and room. Smiles knowingly. Finally concentrates attention on doctor.* MATSADA *glances after* HARTWELL, *works fingers suggestively and disappears, via reception hall.*]

HARTWELL.

Still at it, I see. I hoped you'd mended your ways.

[*Joyously advances toward doctor.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Springing to his feet and rushing to meet HARTWELL.*)*

Great Scott! old man, when did you return?

[*They shake hands warmly.*]

HARTWELL.

I landed in New York just a week ago.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Reproachfully.)

Do you mean to tell me that you've been in town a week without seeing me or even calling me up?

HARTWELL.

(Smiling.)

Precisely. I didn't propose to disturb you until I could see you in person. I've been so busy looking after my fences that this is the first time I've had a chance to look you up.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With mock seriousness.)

Well, I don't know whether to forgive you or not.

HARTWELL.

You might as well, Gilbert, for I'm sure you need me—I'm still restful to the real mind.

Dr. ALLYN.

The same old sixpence, I see.

HARTWELL.

Sure; they wouldn't have me, even for a tip, on the other side. Europe is getting fastidious.

Dr. ALLYN.

Really? I thought our gilded heirs were as much in demand over there as our heiresses.

HARTWELL.

Don't you ever believe it. Our heiresses make peerages come back as good as new;—our heirs use 'em for advertising purposes. I know one chap who married into the aristocracy and used the family coat-of-arms to boom a corn-plaster—which was bad for the self-respect of the corn plaster.

[*Doctor laughs heartily.*

HARTWELL *drops into doctor's desk chair and lays back in it very much at his ease.*]

HARTWELL.

Well, my boy, things have changed since we broke into Fifth Avenue society. How's the aristocratic practice game panning out? *(Looking about at room.)* It looks good to me.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Earnestly, seating himself on corner of desk.)

Ross, it *is* good—not so good as it looks, perhaps, but still the move was a wise one. I owe much to the good friends who influenced me to change—and to you as much as to anyone.

HARTWELL.

Humph! You don't owe me anything. My advice was purely selfish. I was trying to get you out of your slum philanthropy stunts so that we could meet more nearly on a level.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Just wanted to bring me down to earth, eh?

HARTWELL.

Precisely.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Seriously.)

Sorry to disappoint you, my boy, but you made a failure of it.

HARTWELL.

So I'm aware. You've been a mighty poor correspondent—never would write about yourself—when you wrote at all—but I've kept tab on you, just the same.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With some astonishment.)

Kept tab on me!

HARTWELL.

Sure, Pro—fess—or. That fool book of yours was reviewed in the London papers.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Well, I'm mighty glad to hear that.

HARTWELL.

Glad you are glad. If it pleases you to be branded as a full-fledged criminology crank, along with the rest of your alleged attainments, make the most of it. Criminology! Humph! It's the biggest fool thing that ever permeated the brains of you crazy scientists.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Warmly, standing down from desk.)

It's the greatest advance in the study of mankind that has been made in a hundred years.

HARTWELL.

Advance! Your Ferris, and Lombrosos, and Allyns are so clever that they can't even diagnose a criminal—until he has committed a crime.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

You old blunderbuss! Neither can we diagnose smallpox 'till the patient breaks out.

HARTWELL.

That's right, wriggle out of it. Then there's all that twaddle about degeneracy. Why, you have no normal standard, yet you pretend to know degeneracy when you see it.

Dr. ALLYN.

We have no fixed standard of sanity, yet we know insanity when we see it.

HARTWELL.

(Sarcastically.)

Yes, I've noticed that in expert testimony. Now, will you be good?

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes, but don't think that all experts are alike. The medical profession is not proud of some of them.

HARTWELL.

Shouldn't think it would be. I heard an expert in London testify that a murderer was crazy because his jaw was crooked. The prisoner got back at him, though. Said that if he had a head like that doctor's he'd want to be hanged. Said it reminded him of a pumpkin hit with a club. *(Noticing cabinet of skulls.)* Hello! *(Approaches cabinet and inspects skulls.)* You must have a conscience like leather. *(Turns to doctor.)* Some of your professional failures, eh?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

No; some of yours. That's my murderers' row. They were all hanged—all but one—a lady who committed suicide.

HARTWELL.

(Seriously, shrugging his shoulders.)

But the world is better for such legal failures—which can't be said of yours.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

I'm not so sure—as to some of them. But you lawyers can save your faces by abolishing capital punishment—and help progress along at the same time.

HARTWELL.

There you go! So you don't believe in the rope and the electric chair?

Dr. ALLYN.

No.

HARTWELL.

Then, for God's sake, what *do* you believe in—bouquets and frosted cakes?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Seriously.)

Chloroform, perpetual isolation—and the surgeon's knife as a means of prevention of crime. But that's a long story. We'll take that up at some other time.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Jestingly, going to HARTWELL *and opening skull cabinet.)*

Say, Ross, let me send the lady's skull to you. She was that Miss Castano, who murdered her lover in a fit of jealousy.

HARTWELL.

(Laughing heartily.)

What a charming companion she'd be for me, and how busy I'd keep her!

Dr. ALLYN.

Haven't improved much, have you—to hear you tell it. Fortunately, I never did think you as much of a lady-killer as you'd have one believe. I fancy I read you pretty well, Ross.

HARTWELL.

And does the reading inspire you with confidence?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Seriously, laying hand on HARTWELL'S *shoulder.)*

It certainly does.

HARTWELL.

Thank you. *(Going above desk and glancing at safe.)* A practical note seems to have crept into your philanthropy, Gilbert. The band must be playing the prosperity march in front of your door.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Closing cabinet and going to desk.)

Well, I've got my head above water, and hope to keep it there. But you mustn't take that safe too seriously.

HARTWELL.

(Going to safe and surveying it.)
But what the deuce do you ———?

Dr. ALLYN.

Specimens, my boy; specimens. I have in that safe some that a thousand dollars wouldn't buy.

HARTWELL.

Specimens!—the devil! A sort of pathologic cupboard, eh? *(Laughing.)* Say, but wouldn't it be interesting if some Johnny Yegg should crack it?

Dr. ALLYN.

Well, it would be bad business for Mr. Yegg if he let loose *some* of the things that are locked in that safe. If he didn't hold his breath, God help him!

HARTWELL.

(Shrugging his shoulders.)
Ugh! You give me the creeps.

[Dr. ALLYN *goes to cabinet of liquors and cigars and picks up decanter.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Here, try an antidote.

[*Helps* HARTWELL *and pours some whisky for himself.*]

HARTWELL.

(Noting, in astonishment, the doctor's glass.)
Holy smoke! What's happened to you?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gaily.)
As you remarked, things have changed since—

HARTWELL.

(Smiling.)
Ah, I see. We now have the price, and as we live in Rome we—

[*They touch glasses.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Do as the Romans do.

[*Doctor offers* HARTWELL *a cigar, takes one himself and they light up.*
MATSADA *is seen arranging chairs in reception hall.*]

HARTWELL.

(Noticing MATSADA.*)*
I see that you still have that snaky Jap. I've missed him and his seltzer explosions.

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes, he's still with me—and still indispensable.

HARTWELL.

And still teaching you jiu jitsu and the gospel of Buddha?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Indeed he is.

[*They seat themselves.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

But, Sir Cross Examiner, you haven't told me anything about your own mad career during your two years abroad.

HARTWELL.

(Flippantly.)

Oh, that's easily done. I went everywhere, saw everything—and did everything that a gentleman of wealth and leisure could do—and keep out of jail. Kept out of the hospital because I joined the appendicitis club before I left. If I overlooked any bets it must have been during my sleep—and I haven't much of that to my credit. If I should go blind tomorrow, there'd be nothing coming to Ross.

Dr. ALLYN.

How did you ever tear yourself away from Paris?

HARTWELL.

(Satirically.)

I didn't. You've noticed that when a leech is full he drops off. Well, I was the leech. But let me tell you, my boy, Paris hasn't anything on our own little village.

Dr. ALLYN.

So you've come back home to fill in the gaps, eh?

HARTWELL.

Didn't I tell you there *were* no gaps? No; I came home to pursue the only novelty left—the practice of law and an imitation of a nice young man attending to business.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Enthusiastically.)

What! Do you really mean it?

HARTWELL.

Of course I mean it. It's the only thing left. I've squeezed the rest of the lemon dry. Just watch me, that's all. If I don't show you a pink of propriety attending to the world's work—poison me. And please don't call it reform. Damn reform! Don't like the word. Expediency—turning over new leaf—anything you like *but* reform.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Extending hand.)

By Jove! old man, you won't be half so interesting, but for your sake I'm glad.

[*They clasp hands.*]

HARTWELL.

(Looking toward liquor cabinet.)

And just to celebrate the resolution—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Going to liquor cabinet, followed by HARTWELL.*)*

Indeed we will.

[*They fill glasses.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Here's to the brand plucked from the burning!

HARTWELL.

The brand that's going to stay plucked, and don't you forget it.

[*They touch glasses and drink. 'Phone rings.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Answering 'phone.)

Hello!—Oh, hello! Dr. Marshall ——— Yes, ——— How would one o'clock strike you? ——— Very good. And by the way, bring a nurse with you; we may need her.

[*While the doctor is talking over 'phone,* HARTWELL, *first flipping ashes from his cigar, goes to book case and examines books, opening case. When doctor concludes,* HARTWELL *closes case and turns about, facing the doctor, who sits on corner of desk. Both are still smoking,* HARTWELL *standing very much at ease, one hand behind back.*]

HARTWELL.

See here, Gilbert, how does it happen that you're not married?

Dr. ALLYN.

Too busy, I reckon.

HARTWELL.

And have all the women been too busy? If you hadn't time to marry one of them you should have found one who had time to marry you.

Dr. ALLYN.

But how about the inclination?

HARTWELL.

(Flippantly.)

That always exists, latent or otherwise. Have the latent variety myself. I'd cultivate it if I didn't love love too well. Matrimony is Venus' graveyard—and the old girl has been so kind to me that I don't want to bury her. *(With sudden recollection.)* By the way, what about that little romance I mapped out for you? What's become of Miss—you know, the philanthropist lady who submerged her sex and wrote things?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Miss Carringford? She's still on earth, still writing things—and her sex is still submerged. She has just written a remarkable book.

[*Hands book from desk to* HARTWELL.]

HARTWELL.

(Taking book.)

The deuce you say!

[*Reads title.*]

The Slum Children. *(Satirically.)* It looks fascinating. The——Slum——Children! Humph!

Dr. ALLYN.

It *is* fascinating. You really ought to read it.

HARTWELL.

(Laying book on desk.)

Thanks, dreadfully. Like most of your prescriptions, it's not to my taste. See the charming authoress often?

Dr. ALLYN.

Almost daily. Her father died, shortly after you went abroad, and she took up nursing. She's now a visiting nurse and doing great work.

HARTWELL.

As my lady of the slums, of course.

Dr. ALLYN.

She's known as the *angel* of the slums.

HARTWELL.

(Satirically.)

You're still good friends—and nothing more? Merely a platonic regard, and all that sort of thing?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Yes, the best of friends—and nothing more. You, of course, don't believe in platonic regard.

HARTWELL.

(Sneeringly.)

Oh, yes I do. The world's full of it. It's a sort of congenial relation between a blind masculine blockhead and a woman who thinks she's a frost—but isn't. Sooner or later one or the other breaks the platonic ice and slumps through into deep water. And then there's hell to pay.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing heartily.)

So, Sir Skeptic, you don't believe that platonic affection can stay platonic?

HARTWELL.

Sure; if it is carried on by correspondence, neither party has money for car fare and the walking is bad. Even then, the writing would better be done on asbestos paper. Oh, hell! Gilbert, when Adam and Eve shook the forbidden tree they didn't gather icicles.

Dr. ALLYN.

But I can prove my point. I'm going to tell you a great secret. I'm engaged to be married.

HARTWELL.

(Astonished.)

The devil you are! And *not* to Miss Carringford?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

And *not* to Miss Carringford.

HARTWELL.

Have you told her?

Dr. ALLYN.

Not yet.

HARTWELL.

Well, I'll be damned if I'll surrender until you *have* told her —and I know how she took it. For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin.

Dr. ALLYN.

Stuff and nonsense! Like most lawyers, you think you're arguing when you're merely showing your obstinacy. Miss Carringford will be here shortly *(Looks at clock.)* and I shall tell her the news.

HARTWELL.

And will you report results?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Slowly and gravely, standing down from desk.)

No. If I'm right I don't care to crow, and if you're right— well, if I've been blind I'll continue to be blind.

HARTWELL.

And who's the lucky woman who has humanized our philosopher?

Dr. ALLYN.

Granting that I needed humanizing, she's a young woman from Virginia who, while visiting in New York, was unfortunate enough to be taken severely ill and to come under my professional care.

HARTWELL.

Ah, I see; the fair patient was so well pleased with her doctor that she gave him a life position.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Hardly that. She believed that I had saved her life—and may have felt that I was entitled to the salvage. It's barely possible that she fell in love with me?

HARTWELL.

(Satirically.)

And, of course, she has not only good blood and a corner on the beauty and brains market, but also wealth and social position.

Dr. ALLYN.

Her father was a Confederate general, impoverished by the Civil War. Her social position is above criticism. Her cleverness will plead its own case when you meet her. *(Smiling.)* As for her beauty, you may judge for yourself.

[*Opens photograph case on the table, looks at it fondly, hands it to* HARTWELL *and turns away to light cigar.*

HARTWELL *takes picture, looks at it and starts with surprise, half rising from his chair; controls himself with evident effort and gazes at picture for a moment without speaking.*]

HARTWELL.

(With some trepidation.)
And her name?

Dr. ALLYN.

Duplessis—Kathryn Duplessis. *(Curiously, noting* HARTWELL'S *apparent discomposure.)* Have you ever met her?

HARTWELL.

(Regaining composure and gazing calmly at picture.)
No, but at first sight I was startled by her resemblance to someone I once knew.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Going to HARTWELL *and looking over his shoulder at picture.)*
Isn't it odd that one sees in faces one has never before seen, resemblances to persons one knows? When I first saw Kathryn I was startled by the familiar expression of her eyes and the suggestion in her features of some one I had known, yet I never by any possibility could have met her before. As to whom the person she resembles might be, I haven't the remotest idea.

HARTWELL.

(Looking up from picture.)
Permit me to congratulate you on your good taste, Gilbert. *(Laughing.)* I begin to suspect that you're no novice.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With mock deference.)
A compliment indeed, king of connoisseurs! And, Sir Cynic,

Miss Carringford had a hand in the affair. She nursed my fiancée through her illness.

HARTWELL.

Miss Carringford!

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes; Miss Carringford—and there's the answer to some of your—

HARTWELL.

(Interrupting; significantly, and again looking at photograph.)

Yes; there's the answer.

[*Returns photograph to doctor, who gazes at it fondly, and slowly and reluctantly closes case and lays it on desk. 'Phone rings.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Answering 'phone.)

Hello!—Oh, Hello, Bob! ——— Why, yes. I think I have the very thing you want. I'll look it up at once and make sure.—Call for it on your way to the hospital in the morning. ——— I'll leave it on my desk. ——— Ask Matsada for it. *(Turns to* HARTWELL.*)* Excuse me for a moment, Ross.

[*Goes to laboratory and disappears.*]

[HARTWELL *rises and picks up case, opens it, studying picture, nodding his head and satirically soliloquizing.*]

HARTWELL.

(To himself, resuming his seat, intently regarding picture.)
So, Kathryn, dear—expert fisher of men—we meet again. *(Sighs.)* What a little world! Well, my good doctor man, you *are* up against it. I don't believe that Paris took any of the spirit out of you, girlie. If you ever take the bit between your teeth there'll be a runaway—and you'll land in the wrong stable. *(Reflectively.)* Why is it that when the wise guy's heart gets into a tussle with his brains his wits fly out of the window?

[*Gazes admiringly at picture, holding it in both hands and leaning forward toward it.*]

(Continuing.)
But, Kathryn, you're a peach, all the same—I wonder if—well, why not? No harm in renewing old acquaintance—and you were mighty entertaining. *(Expostulates with himself.)* Damn it, Ross, you'd better take another trip abroad! I can see spots on that new leaf already.

[*Resolutely closes case and lays it on desk; hesitates, picks it up again, re-opens it and gazes admiringly at it. Hears* Dr. ALLYN *coming, closes case and returns it to desk, shrugging his shoulders and rising. Picks up his hat and goes right, up stage, to meet the doctor.*]

HARTWELL.

(Gaily.)
And now I'll say good night, Gilbert, and leave you with the

goddess of your dreams *(Looking toward desk.)* and *(Looking toward skulls.)* your trophies of the chase.

[*They shake hands.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Good night, Ross, and don't forget that you're not yet forgiven for your neglect. I shall expect you to redeem yourself.

[*Returns to desk.*]

HARTWELL.

I'll try, my dear boy. Good night.

[*Exit* HARTWELL, *via reception hall. He pauses at exit, just within hall, and looks toward picture on desk.*]

HARTWELL.

(To himself.)

I'll not butt in on your game, Kathryn—if you're real nice to me. Sorry, old pal, but you'll have to take your medicine—and that new leaf will have to take its chances.

[*The doctor returns to desk, picks up case, opens it and gazes fondly at picture.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(With emotion.)

Beautiful? Yes—and as good as you are beautiful—far too good for a dry-as-dust like me. Ah! Kathryn, my sweet; you have indeed humanized me.

[*Kisses picture and reluctantly returns it to desk with case open.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing, and sighing.)

That wonderful day seems a long way off. *(With emotion.)* I can hardly wait. *(Looks at clock and notices time.)* It's almost time Miss Carringford was here. *(Rings bell on desk.)*

[*Enter* MATSADA, *by door of reception hall.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Matsada, I'm going to the drug store. If Miss Carringford comes before I return, tell her I shall be gone but a few moments.

MATSADA.

(Bowing low.)

Yis, sar.

[Dr. ALLYN *takes hat and coat from rack, dons coat, assisted by* MATSADA, *and departs via reception hall.*

MATSADA *follows the doctor.*

A moment later Miss CARRINGFORD *enters by door of reception hall, shown in by* MATSADA. *While* MATSADA *is talking they move down stage to desk.*]

MATSADA.

(Obsequiously.)

Honorable doctor has to drug store gone. He will much quick come back. He have say to me please to make wait the honorable lady.

[MATSADA *shows* Miss CARRINGFORD

to chair below desk, placing it toward front of desk, and turning it in such a position that Miss CARRINGFORD *cannot fail to observe* Miss DUPLESSIS' *photograph. Exit* MATSADA *at right.*]

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Seating herself and glancing at her watch.)

I'm a little ahead of time. *(Notes picture, picks it up and looks at it mournfully.)* But not ahead of you, who have won that for which I would have given my life. *(Rises, picture in hand. With emotion.)* And to think that I assisted in my own undoing. *(Abruptly lays down picture.)* Duty! I did my duty—and at what cost! It was bad enough during all those dreary months before she came, to know that he did not love me—but it was some consolation to know that he loved no one else—there at least was hope. But now, my king! *(With great emotion, moving about.)* And you think I do not know! How little you understand the ways of women—of the woman who loves, or of the woman who, whether she loves or not, sets out to win—at any cost.

[*Returns to desk and again picks up photo. Looks at it steadily.*

Enter MATSADA *at right and crosses to door at left. He stops at door and admiringly surveys* Miss CARRINGFORD.]

MATSADA.

(To himself.)

Honorable doctor very much damn foolishness!

[*Exit* MATSADA.]

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Continuing, thoughtfully.)

Beautiful, vivacious, superb of physique—designed to mother a race of heroes, but spoiled in the crowning. *(Shakes her head.)* Something wrong with the gray matter. There's an expression in those wonderful eyes and about that lovely mouth that makes me fear for you, my Gilbert. There's a cobra amid the blooms of that fair garden. A frivolous, vain, selfish, pleasure-seeking woman—a creature without balance. *(With great emotion.)* Oh, God! Would that I could believe my judgment perverted by jealousy!

[*Sets photograph on desk and walks about with expression of strong emotion. Returns to desk and picks up photo.*]

(Continuing grimly.)

Heaven help you, Kathryn Duplessis, if you ever deceive Gilbert Allyn. He's not the kind that deals gently with cobras—and he might forget himself.

[*Returns photo to desk with a hopeless gesture, crosses to book case, takes out book, opens it and carelessly glances through* it. Dr. ALLYN *enters via reception hall.* Miss CARRINGFORD *turns and sees doctor, who is removing his coat and does not see her. She replaces book in case, closing case.*]

Miss CARRINGFORD.

Good evening, Doctor.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Warmly, going to Miss CARRINGFORD *and extending hand.)*

Miss Carringford! I'm delighted to see you.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Shaking hands, and smiling sadly.)

You're very kind, Doctor. You're always kind—so kind that I fear you sometimes permit me to impose on you.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Warmly, showing her to a seat and seating himself in desk chair.)

That would be impossible, Miss Carringford. I feel that your father and yourself have placed me under an obligation I never can repay—to say nothing of the inspiration your work has been to me.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Smiling sadly.)

You overrate both my father's influence and my own capacities, but I'm glad if you feel that we've had any part in your career. It has been both pleasurable and profitable to me to assist you in your work. But I've come to tell you that I'll not be able to again coöperate with you, for a long time.

Dr. ALLYN.

Indeed! What's happened?

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Calmly.)

I'm going to the Philippines.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Astonished.)

To the Philippines!

Miss CARRINGFORD.

Yes; to the Philippines—to get material. I'm going to resume my literary work. I'm getting rusty.

Dr. ALLYN.

I shall be very sorry to see you go. I shall miss you dreadfully, Helen.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Smiling.)

Are you sure you're in a frame of mind to miss a mere friend? *(Looks significantly at photograph.)*

[Dr. ALLYN *follows direction of* Miss CARRINGTON'S *gaze and notes the open photograph.*]

(Laughing.)

Oh, ho! So the cat is out of the bag! How careless of me to leave that case open. I meant to surprise you, Helen.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

I'm astonished that you think you *could* surprise a woman who has been on the ground ever since your romance began.

(Watching Miss CARRINGFORD *narrowly.)*

Why, did you suspect that—

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Trying to force a smile.)

I did not suspect—I knew.

Dr. ALLYN.

But how—

Miss CARRINGFORD.

How? How? How do women ever know?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Don't shoot! I'll surrender. And what do you think of my choice?

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Smilingly.)

When a man asks for an opinion of his fiancée, he is like an author who asks for criticism of a pet creation. He expects laudation. Wise lover, fortunate husband! I sometimes think that no marriage can be a failure. Love is like life. Love is love while love lasts, no longer. It may mean as much to those who drink but one draught as to those who drain the cup. It may be sweeter to regret its brief existence than to taste the bitterness at the bottom of the cup. If the cup be dashed from the lips one cannot have dregs to regret. *(Rising, striving to remain calm.)* Doctor, I hope you will have all the happiness you deserve, and that's a great deal. Miss Duplessis is a very fortunate woman. And now, *(Extending hand.)* I must say good-by.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Warmly, clasping her hand.)

Good-by, Helen. Let me hear from you, won't you?

[*They are moving toward reception hall.*]

Miss CARRINGFORD.

(Pausing and looking back toward picture, smiling.)

Fiancées and lady correspondents are incompatible, Doctor.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Oh, nonsense, Helen! You *must* write.

Miss CARRINGFORD.

Perhaps; we'll see. Good-by.

Dr. ALLYN.

Good-by, Helen.

[*Exit* Miss CARRINGFORD, *pausing for a moment and looking back with emotion at the doctor, who has turned back.*

Dr. ALLYN *stands for a moment in deep thought where* Miss CARRINGFORD *left him. Shakes his head sadly. Walks slowly to desk and seats himself in desk chair. Ponders for a moment.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Ross was right. How blind I was! *(Sympathetically.)* Poor Helen! *(Picks up Kathryn's picture, looks at it lovingly,*

with a sigh.) Poor Helen! *(Replaces picture on desk, rises, looks at watch. Briskly.)* I believe I'll finish that batch of experiments before I retire.

[Takes off coat and puts on house jacket from coat and hat stand. Turns out lights by pressing pendant push button above desk. Enters laboratory, closing doors behind him. A moment later a faint clicking, metallic sound is heard at window at right. This is repeated several times. Dr. Allyn appears at door of laboratory, listens for a moment, then enters library and softly closes laboratory doors behind him. Clicking sound continues.]

Dr. ALLYN.

Ah! One of my old friends, evidently, is about to make me a belated call.

[Softly goes to desk and opens left hand top drawer. Faint spotlight reveals movements. Takes out large revolver—silver plated—lays it on desk and covers it with newspaper. Seats himself in desk chair at left of desk, facing down center. Clicking sound is succeeded by sound of window being slowly raised. A man is seen cautiously getting in by window. Has bulls-eye lamp in hand. Pauses with one leg over window sill and then throws light from electric bulls-eye in several directions, missing desk and doctor every

time. Climbs in and steps into apartment as far as right center. Limelight shows movements. Doctor reaches up and pushes pendant push-button, flooding room with light. Doctor does not look toward burglar, but down stage. Burglar, startled, drops bulls-eye and pulls gun, leveling it at the doctor.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Calmly biting off end of cigar without looking toward intruder.)

Good evening. *(Deliberately lights cigar.)* Rather an informal call, isn't it?

BURGLAR.

Well; I'll be damned!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Turning toward burglar and coolly surveying him.)

Oh, I hope not. *(Curiously.)* What on earth are you going to do with that gun?

BURGLAR.

(Grimly.)

Well, that's up to you, Mister.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With studied politeness.)

Is it, really? Then put it up. It's not conducive to sociability. Besides, it might go off and spill some of your brains on my nice new rug. I shouldn't like that—the novelty of it has hardly worn off yet.

BURGLAR.

(Admiringly.)

Well; you *are* a cool one.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Coolly.)

Fortunately for you.

BURGLAR.

(Sneeringly.)

For me!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Emphatically.)

Yes, for you! But put up your gun—you don't need it.

BURGLAR.

Say, Mister, are you giving me straight talk?

Dr. ALLYN.

Straight talk! Don't be a fool. My friend, if I had wanted to be nasty it would have been all up with you sometime ago. I could have had the police waiting for you, or I could have—mussed up my rug, as you came through the window. I heard you long before you got in. Come, now, put up your gun.

BURGLAR.

(Hesitatingly, slowly lowering pistol.)

By God! Mister, I've a notion to go you once—if I lose.

Dr. ALLYN.

Do. It will make things seem so much more home-like.

BURGLAR.

(Still hesitating.)

And why didn't you pot me?

Dr. ALLYN.

Well, as I told you, I didn't want to muss things up. Besides, I'm rather friendly to your kind of fellows. Really, you ought to have come around according to schedule—I have a very pretty plate with my office hours on my front door.

BURGLAR.

(Closely eyeing doctor.)

Well, here goes, for luck.

[*Steps up and tosses gun on desk.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Admiringly.)

You're a dead game sport! Just to meet you half way, I'll put the chairman of the reception committee away.

[*Raises newspaper and reveals gun. Puts revolver in drawer, closes and locks it.*]

BURGLAR.

(Chuckling.)

Say, Mister, you had me, all right.

Dr. ALLYN.

And how did you know I wouldn't break faith with you?

BURGLAR.

(Slowly, looking the doctor steadily in the eye.)

Oh, hell! Men who are game enough to take such a chance as you did a while ago don't lie, and they don't soak a fellow who puts them on honor.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Looking wonderingly at burglar.)

Why, you seem to know something besides the intricacies of window locks. You're something of a philosopher.

BURGLAR.

(Bitterly.)

Yes; I *am* a philosopher—of the gall-and-wormwood variety—and I know something of human nature. It's pretty safe to gamble on form when dealing with men.

Dr. ALLYN.

But you're not wise in some directions. What on earth inspired you to break into my house?

BURGLAR.

(Glancing significantly at safe.)

Why, it looked promising—and tl——d easy.

[Dr. ALLYN *notes direction of burglar's gaze and laughs prodigiously.*]

BURGLAR.

What's the joke, Mister?

Dr. ALLYN.

Let me show you something.

[*Leads way to safe and opens it, displaying numerous bottles and boxes.*]

BURGLAR.

Well—what in hell? What sort of a crib is this, and what's that treasure-box stuffed with?

Dr. ALLYN.

This is a doctor's office, and those are specimens.

BURGLAR.

I *am* little Bright-Eyes—that's a fact. What do you think of that? Say, Doc—.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Suavely, closing safe, returning to seat and facing burglar.)

Doctor—if you don't mind. Doc bears the same relation to doctor that gent does to gentleman.

BURGLAR.

(Advancing slowly toward doctor.)

Beg pardon—Doctor—I'm ashamed of this job.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Indicating chair, right of desk.)

Like robbing widows and orphans, isn't it? Have a chair.

[*Burglar takes chair.*]

BURGLAR.

Reckon it's your play, Doctor.

Dr. ALLYN.

Suppose we take a little creature comfort for a starter.

[*Going to cabinet, doctor brings out bottle and cigars and sets them before burglar.*]

BURGLAR.

Thank you, Doc—Doctor—but I never touch either tobacco or liquor.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Ah, indeed! It does interfere with a professional gentleman's steadiness, doesn't it? As I'm not an operating surgeon I sometimes chance it. However, if you will not join me, I'll dispense with the drink.

BURGLAR.

(Looking seriously at doctor.)

Say, Doctor, you are—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Expectantly.)

Yes, ———

BURGLAR.

Well, an odd sort of chap.

Dr. ALLYN.

Am I, really? Possibly the unconventionality of your visit has affected me. And now I'm going to punish you for disturbing me at this unholy hour of the night.

[*Burglar glances at gun, rises and takes a step toward it*]

BURGLAR.

(Belligerently.)

Punish me!

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes—I'm going to ask you to tell me all about yourself.

[*Burglar gazes doubtfully at doctor for a moment.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

You profess to be a character student—you ought to know whether it's safe or not.

BURGLAR.

All right, let 'er go!

[*Resumes seat. Doctor also seats himself.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

The learned professions are divided into specialties. Would you mind telling me yours? I doubt if it's house-breaking.

BURGLAR.

(Laconically.)

Banks.

Dr. ALLYN.

A yeggman!—and house-breaking! What a come-down!

BURGLAR.

(With vehemence.)

Come-down? Yes, but what the devil is a fellow to do—starve?

Dr. ALLYN.

Starve? Is business quiet in your line, or have you lost your grip?

BURGLAR.

They're hot on my trail and I've got to lay low. Meanwhile I've got to do the best I can.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With interest.)

Hot on your trail? May I ask your name?

BURGLAR.

(Looking at the doctor keenly for a few seconds.)

Am I taking a chance?

Dr. ALLYN.

Not the least in the world. Possibly I'd better introduce myself. I'm Dr. Gilbert Allyn.

BURGLAR.

(Springing to his feet in amazement.)

The devil you say! Dr. Gilbert Allyn! And—I—broke—into—your—house!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Dryly.)

So it seems—and the name?

BURGLAR.

They call me Gentleman George.

Dr. ALLYN.

So you are Gentleman George?

BURGLAR.

(Sarcastically.)

Yes; here's my card.

[*Takes hand-bill from pocket, gives it to doctor and resumes seat.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Looking at hand bill.)

Ah! Your picture also! *(Reads aloud.)* One Thousand Dollars reward for the capture of George Maxwell, alias Gentleman George, dead or alive.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely, shaking his head and throwing hand-bill on desk.)

That little job up at Poughkeepsie was bad business, Maxwell.

MAXWELL.

(Springing up excitedly and gesticulating.)

Hell, man! Don't I know that? *(Picks up hand-bill and throws it down again.)* Every word of that cursed thing is burned into my very soul! What was I to do? Cornered like a rat—I fought like a rat! If I hadn't got some of them, they'd have gotten me!—and I'm not ready—yet.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Thoughtfully.)

The watchman died, did he not?

MAXWELL.

(Regretfully.)

Yes; and I'm d——d sorry. The poor devil was merely try ing to do his duty—for forty dollars a month. How he ever kept out of the money-vaults I don't know. *(Angrily.)* If I'd got one of that mob of citizens that hunted me, I wouldn't care two whoops in hell. *(Pacing about excitedly.)* A thousand dollars reward! I did time—six months—when I was a poor little slum kid—for a crime I didn't commit. I came out branded an outcast. Did anybody offer two bits to save me?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Quietly.)

Or the watchman?

MAXWELL.

(Picking up hand-bill.)

I once read somewhere that a criminal was a supreme egotist. *(Satirically.)* Good God! Why shouldn't he be? A thousand dollars reward! Come high, don't we? *(Throws hand bill back on desk.)* And that's society's way of protecting itself! No wonder we prey on decent people. They're such d——d fools!

Dr. ALLYN.

No chance for an argument, George. *(Smiling.)* If society ever becomes really intelligent, all the professions—the law, the clergy, medicine and—your own—will be put out of business. But go ahead with your story.

MAXWELL.

(Grimly, resuming seat.)

I've put in most of my time since my first commitment paying my debt to society. I went over to The Island a poor little boot-black. I came out an expert dip—a—

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes, I know; a pickpocket.

MAXWELL.

I found competent teachers at the Island—it was a great school.

Dr. ALLYN.

Do you know anything of your parents, George?

MAXWELL.

(Bitterly.)

Too much. My father was an honest bookkeeper—when he was sober—and could get a job—a loafer when he was drunk. He never stole anything—more's the pity—we might have been more comfortable if he had. He married my mother off the variety stage. She never was very domestic in her tastes—never had much use for her kid—she ran away with a nigger minstrel when I was a year old. Dad dragged me around from pillar to post until he got knifed in a brawl. I was a gutter-snipe after that, and made a living by selling papers and blacking boots until—

Dr. ALLYN.

Until the city sent you to its training school at the Island, eh?

MAXWELL.

Yes; and if a kid with the measles were sent to the smallpox hospital there'd be an awful row. And some people brag about our civilization! Bunk! The men who do your preaching and the men who make your laws would make a chimpanzee blush for the imbecility of his two-handed relations—and the so-called morals of some of them would make a tenderloin parrot seasick.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

S-sh! Somebody might hear you. The truth shocks really good people. Your ideas would not be popular with the masses. They've got to be educated—educated to believe that it's cheaper to prevent than to cure. Society never adopts a reform that isn't stamped with the dollar mark.

MAXWELL.

(Continuing.)

There's not much more to tell. I dipped once too often and was caught with the leather—the—

Dr. ALLYN.

Pocketbook.

BURGLAR.

Yes. The mug that spotted me got gay—tried to blackjack me. I hurt him some—and got a five-year stretch in Sing Sing. The prison chaplain took a fancy to me—gave me an easy job in the library. He told me what books to read—did all he could to improve me—but he got in the game too late. *(Sighing.)* Thinks he reformed me, poor old chap.

Dr. ALLYN.

But you seem to have profited by his teaching—in some ways.

MAXWELL.

(Sarcastically.)

Oh, yes—the Pen was a great place to learn things. Pete Broderick, the best yegg ever, taught me all he knew of his little game—and I've added something to it since. I don't know the burgle racket very well, and don't like it—but *(Pointing to the hand-bill.)* I didn't dare to try to pull off my regular stunt, and I was hard up. You know the rest.

Dr. ALLYN.

And you didn't dare mingle with the crooks for obvious reasons?

MAXWELL.

No; a thousand dollars might look big to them—and somebody might want to get solid with the front office at police headquarters.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

If the crooks never betrayed each other, we'd be in a bad way

MAXWELL.

Humph! That's the only way your boss mugs ever save their faces. If crooks never peached on their pals the coppers would have to get out of business.

Dr. ALLYN.

Ever try the honest employment game?

MAXWELL.

Sure. I tried that, too. I married a girl out of a decent, hard-working family, got a job and settled down quietly in a little flat up in Harlem. The cops hounded me and I lost my job. I got another and they soaked me again. Victor Hugo's man had nothing on me. Then I quit trying—and went back to my old trade.

Dr. ALLYN.

And what became of your wife?

MAXWELL.

I was coming to that. She turned out to be a dope fiend. I did all I could to save her—spent thousands of dollars—but it was no use. She finally died—a suicide.

Dr. ALLYN.

Did she ever discover your regular occupation?

MAXWELL.

(Satirically.)

No. I told her I worked in a bank—nights—*(Grinning.)*—which wasn't much of a lie, at that.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Thoughtfully.)

How fortunate that you never had any children.

MAXWELL.

But we did have children—twins—a boy and a girl. The boy died—for which I'm glad. The girl lived—for that I'm both glad and sorry.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With great interest.)

So, you have a daughter. Where is she now, George?

MAXWELL.

Don't know—I might find out—but I'm not going to try, so long as I think she's safe. The less she knows about me the better. She has a few letters from me, and I was d——d fool enough to send her my picture, some years ago. I have her picture and her letters. It's best to let it go at that. She hasn't seen me since she was too young to remember—and she thinks I was killed in—well, anyhow, she thinks I'm dead and that when I died one of my friends became her guardian. Of

course, *I* was the guardian. I had her in a boarding-school in the East. A wealthy couple from somewhere or other adopted her, and she probably has forgotten that I ever existed. *(Sighing.)* Poor little Kiddy! I never can forget *her*.

Dr. ALLYN.

And what are you going to do now? New York may be a little hot for you.

MAXWELL.

I'm going to get out of New York—and stay out.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Reflectively, rising.)

Maxwell, you're right—I *am* a queer chap. I don't believe society would be any better off if you paid the price of society's own sins and went to the electric chair, and—well, I'm not a policeman, anyway, but a friend of the under-dog. Possibly I can figure out some plan to make a decent—father—of you. But I must get to bed. I'm tired. Here, take this.

[*Hands him money.*]

MAXWELL.

(With emotion, rising.)

Thank you, Doctor.

Dr. ALLYN.

It will keep you from making late calls for a few days. See me again tomorrow night.

MAXWELL.

Here?

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes, here. Better come in by the window, as you did tonight. I'll be on the lookout for you, about midnight—and you'll not need your jimmy. And now I'll say good-night.

[MAXWELL *steps toward desk and picks up gun.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Better leave that with me, George. You're in deep enough now. Besides, you may not need it again.

[MAXWELL *hesitates. Doctor extends hand for gun.*

MAXWELL *impulsively hands doctor the gun. Doctor lays it on desk.*]

MAXWELL.

You're right. Good night, Doc!

[Dr. ALLYN *looks smilingly at* MAXWELL. MAXWELL *looks puzzled*]

MAXWELL.

(Humbly, with sudden recollection.)

I beg your pardon—Doctor.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Extending hand.)

Good night, George.

[*They shake hands.*

MAXWELL *steps toward window and turns inquiringly to doctor.*]

MAXWELL.

This way, sir?

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes, it's safer.

[*The doctor turns off light.* MAXWELL *makes exit through window. Doctor follows him to window, closes it after him and locks it. Returns to desk and turns on light. Stands pensively looking down right center.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Poor devil!—and poor child! Maxwell is paying the price—*she* will have to pay it—sooner or later. The Nemesis of tainted blood must have its toll, and she—

[*Voice is heard in the street without, crying, "Halt!"* Dr. ALLYN *starts and looks toward window, at right. Sound of running feet and two shots in rapid succession, followed by policeman's whistle.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

By heaven! I believe they've got him!

[*Rushes to window, raises it and looks out. Listens intently. Closes window and returns to desk.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(With emotion, en route to desk.)

If that was Maxwell they were firing at, I hope to God he got away!

[*Sound of footsteps in direction of reception hall. Doctor turns toward door and listens. Peremptory ring at bell. Doctor hastens to open door. Enter* Sergeant REILLY and Officer RAFFERTY, supporting between them MAXWELL, *who is very pale and in great distress, pressing his hand over his right side.*]

Sergeant REILLY.

Sorry to trouble yez, Docthor Allyn, but this guy's got his, an' we don't want him to croak before the wagon comes.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Hurriedly leading the way.)
Here, on the couch,—gently, boys, gently!

[*They lay* MAXWELL *on the couch.* Sergeant REILLY *stoops and looks critically at* MAXWELL'S *face. Slaps* RAFFERTY *on the back.*]

Sergeant REILLY.

Gintleman George, or I'm a Dutchman! Good boy, Rafferty!

[*Officers laugh and shake hands.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Cut that out, boys! That will keep. Stand back, please! He belongs to me just now. *(Aside to* MAXWELL.*)* Sorry, George, old boy.

[*Officers stand back.*]

MAXWELL.

(Faintly.)

It — had — to — come — Doctor.

[*Doctor opens* MAXWELL'S *coat and vest, raises shirt, glances at wound and feels pulse. Looks very grave.*]

MAXWELL.

(Faintly, gasping for breath.)

Is — there — any — chance — for — me — Doctor?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sadly.)

I'm afraid not, George.

MAXWELL.

It's — all — right — but for God's sake — keep me — alive — for — a — few — minutes. I — have — some — thing — to — say — to you — alone.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Commandingly, to officers.)

Leave me alone with him, please!

[*Officers step slowly aside to reception hall,* REILLY *leading the way and* RAFFERTY *looking back doubtfully. They both stop and look back just at door of hall. Doctor takes out hypodermic and gives* MAXWELL *an injection in his arm.*]

Officer RAFFERTY.

I dunno about this, Sergeant. A thousand dollars ain't picked up every day. Don't you think we'd betther stay where we are?

Sergeant REILLY.

Not on yer loife. When Doc Allyn says a guy is safe—ye kin bet yer boots he *is* safe. Come on, Rafferty!

[*Exit officers, to ante-room.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Quietly, leaning over MAXWELL.*)*

It was Rafferty that got you. He's a good fellow and has a houseful of babies.

MAXWELL.

(Satirically, raising himself to half sitting position.)

My congratulations — to — Mrs. — Rafferty — and the — kids. There's a packet — of — letters in — my side — pocket. *(Doctor reaches into pocket and gets packet.)* They are my kiddy's letters — her — picture — is — there, too. There — is — key to — deposit — vault. Money for kid — clean money — won — on — races. Try — to — to — find — find — her. Tell her — tell — *(Falls back.)*

Dr. ALLYN.

(Anxiously.)

Yes, George. Tell her what?

[*Receiving no answer, the doctor leans over, looks at* MAXWELL'S *face, puts ear to his chest, rises and sorrowfully shakes his head.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Poor fellow! There are no social problems, and moral values are pretty well sifted, over yonder.

[*Puts packet of letters in safe. Goes to door of reception hall and calls officers. Officers enter.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sadly, motioning toward body.)

He's yours now, boys.

[*Doctor goes to desk, picks up handbill, looks at it pensively, crumples it in his hand and throws it down on desk. Picks up* MAXWELL'*s gun and looks toward officers.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(To himself.)

You owe me something, Rafferty.

[*Doctor puts gun in drawer. Takes cigar, lights it and goes slowly toward laboratory. Stops at door, turns and surveys scene. Clang of patrol wagon gong and clatter of horses' feet heard in rear. Officers approach body.*]

Sergeant REILLY.

(Stooping and looking closely at MAXWELL'S *face.)*

I told ye he was safe, Rafferty.

[*Officers shake hands.*

Dr. ALLYN *is still standing at entrance of laboratory. Officers look expectantly toward him.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Deliberately.)

You saved me from an awful twist of the conscience tonight, Rafferty. You're a capital shot—*(Satirically.)* for a policeman.

[*Exit* Dr. ALLYN. *Officers look wonderingly after the doctor, then at each other.*]

Officer RAFFERTY.

(Looking puzzled and shaking his head.)

He's a queer chap, that docthor. I wonder phwat th' divil he was drivin' at, innyhow.

CURTAIN.

THE THIRD ACT

THE THIRD ACT

Time—Morning, a few days later.

SCENE:

Dr. Allyn's library and consultation room.

[*Enter* Mrs. DUPLESSIS and Miss DUPLESSIS, *ushered by* MATSADA.]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Just as I feared, Kathryn, the doctor has not returned from his morning calls.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

He will return soon, will he not, Matsada?

MATSADA.

Sometime pretty quick he come back. Plenty time he not never come back.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Haughtily.)

Let us hope that this is not one of the times when he never comes back. We will wait for him, my good man.

MATSADA.

(Showing the ladies to chairs and bowing profoundly.)

Will ladies please honorably to be seated?

[*The ladies nod coldly to* MATSADA *and seat themselves.*

MATSADA *goes to door at left. Pauses and looks back at ladies.*]

MATSADA.

(Regretfully shaking his head.)

Lady with honorable blue whiskers is not yet to be here.

[*Exit* MATSADA.]

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Peevishly.)

I do hope that Gilbert will not be long. I detest waiting for people.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Tapping Miss DUPLESSIS *playfully on the face with her lorgnette.)*

Ah! my dear, you are beginning early. You have before you many weary waits for Gilbert. Remember that you are going to marry a doctor. A doctor's life is not all beer and skittles. The life of a doctor's wife is not a social or domestic paradise. I'm a doctor's daughter and I know. I sometimes wonder if you quite comprehend the problem that confronts you.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

Problem, mamma?

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Yes, dear, problem. Loneliness, disturbed rest and almost no social pleasures—such is the lot of the doctor's wife.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

But, Mamma, it will be different with me. Gilbert is a famous specialist and doesn't have to run at the beck and call of every one. I'll not have to put up with the things that harass most doctors' wives.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

True, my dear; Gilbert *is* a famous specialist, but he became famous by hard work, and work does not cease with success. Men often have to struggle harder to maintain a position than they did to gain it. Then, too, he has a hobby—and hobbyists do not always make the best husbands.

[Mrs. DUPLESSIS *rises and approaches cabinet of skulls.*]

(Continuing.)

You'll have several rivals for your husband's attention. *(Surveys skulls through lorgnette.)* Aha! Here's the hobby: Rival number one!

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(With an expression of disgust.)

Ugh! That hideous graveyard will have to go when I take charge of things.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Turning and looking at her daughter through lorgnette.)

Ah, will it, really? Possibly the doctor may insist on bossing this part of the establishment himself.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Poutingly.)

Then I'll never come into his old library.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

I would suggest that you begin that way. It will save you some heartaches. To say nothing of the skulls, there'll be women patients; and I know your temperament, Kathryn.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(With dignity.)

You don't suppose for one moment that I'll be jealous of a lot of miserable patients, do you?

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

The instance has been known. *(Sighing reminiscently.)* My poor mother was not a philosopher, and you surely are not. Some patients do not look as miserable as they claim to be, All are human, and as doctors are human, and doctors' wives sometimes have fertile imaginations—heartaches often grow out of nothing. Imaginary wrongs pluck the heartstrings quite as agonizingly as real ones. And there are other rivals. Here's one to be reckoned with.

[*Goes to laboratory door and looks in.*]

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Rising and looking over her mother's shoulder into laboratory.)

A lot of ugly bottles and a microscope! What nonsense!

[*Goes down right center and stands by desk.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Don't be so sure, my dear. My father used to say that science was a jealous mistress. Indeed, he often said that a scientist should never marry. The microscope is not a purveyor of domestic bliss. You may find that your little world is not big enough for a microscope and a wife. *(Points to library.)* And those books over yonder—A book-worm and a social butterfly—for that's what you are, my dear—are likely to be mismates. I've seen such things.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Resentfully.)

If you disapproved of Gilbert, Mamma, why didn't you say so in the beginning?

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

I don't disapprove of him, my dear, any more than I disapprove of you. Dr. Allyn is a fine man—and I'm very proud of you, my daughter. I merely question whether your temperaments and tastes are suited to each other. The social side of life appeals very strongly to you, while Gilbert is serious minded and devoted to a mission in life. Unless both are willing to make great sacrifices, you may get into troubled waters. He may be set in his ways and you—

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Tartly.)

Lack common sense, I suppose? You might as well say it.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(In mild reproof.)

But I did not say it, my dear; nor did I think it. What I

was about to say was, that you're not practical minded while Gilbert, if not practical, is at least not romantic enough to love any woman better than his work. I said nothing at the beginning because I knew it would be useless. I knew you—and could read him. Besides, I was so grateful to him for saving your life that—well, I was not in a judicial frame of mind.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Tartly.)

Well, Mamma, you've made up for it since. If persistent nagging helps any, your conscience should be clear. But you needn't worry. I'll know how to cross my bridges when I get to them. A woman who mopes over neglect, whether unavoidable or not, is a fool. I'm not going to allow matrimony to make a stick of me. Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire never made a hit with me. I'll work out my own salvation—and in my own way. Besides, Gilbert is only a man, and men can be molded.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Holding up her hands in horror.)

How frightfully worldly! One would think—

Miss DUPLESSIS.

That I was experienced, eh? Well, as to that, a young woman's intuition is sometimes better than an old one's experience. But what's the use of discussing the matter? Gilbert is crazy about me, and I love him. He is prosperous and a celebrity and can give me opportunities. I'll do my best to take advantage of them. If I get the worst of it, it will be my own fault. But I'm not going to allow myself to get the worst of

it. If Gilbert persists in living his own life—why, I'll live mine.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Holding up her hands in astonishment.)

Why, my child! What on earth *are* you talking about?

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Laughing.)

Nothing, Mamma, dear. Just trying to meet you half way and be serious for once.

[*Picks up a magazine from the desk and idly turns the leaves.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Gravely.)

Well, dear, you've succeeded pretty well for a beginner. Pray don't give me any more shocks.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Tossing her head and laughing carelessly.)

Mamma, you are so funny.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Seriously.)

Thank you, dear; I wish the subject were also funny.

[Mrs. DUPLESSIS *goes to book case and proceeds to inspect its contents through her lorgnette.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Turning suddenly and facing Miss DUPLESSIS.*)*

Kathryn, dear—

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Absently, and without looking up from magazine.)

Yes, Mamma.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

I've decided that it's best to tell Gilbert the truth about our relationship.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(All attention. Protestingly, rising.)

What's the use of doing that? It's not a matter that should concern him. It's our own affair, anyway.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

I'm not so sure of that. Ours is an old, old family, and if he sets store by such things he would better learn now, rather than later, that you are not my own daughter. So I think it would be best to tell him at once. I've resolved to do so this very morning.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Shrugging her shoulders and resuming her seat and magazine.)

Very well; but all the same, I really can't see the necessity of it.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Dryly.)

Probably not. Intuition sometimes fails one. That's where experience counts.

[*Resumes critical examination of titles of books.*

Miss DUPLESSIS *tosses her head contemptuously, readjusts herself in the chair and energetically turns the pages of her magazine.*

Enter ROSS HARTWELL, *by reception hall door, silently ushered by* MATSADA, *who has* HARTWELL'S *coat and hat.*

MATSADA *disappears.*

HARTWELL *stands for a second, unnoticed by the ladies, smiling suggestively at* Miss DUPLESSIS.

Miss DUPLESSIS *chances to look up and sees* HARTWELL. *She rises to her feet in astonishment.* HARTWELL *puts his finger to his lips, enjoining silence.*]

HARTWELL.

I beg your pardon, ladies. I was looking for the doctor, and was asked to wait for him here. I trust I'm not intruding.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Not in the least. We, too, are waiting for the doctor.

HARTWELL.

Thank you.

[Mrs. DUPLESSIS *resumes inspection of books.*

[HARTWELL *picks up magazine from the desk, looking significantly at* Miss DUPLESSIS, *goes to window, at right, seats himself and begins reading. Glances amusedly from time to time at* Miss DUPLESSIS, *who is evidently much flurried and pretends to read. Hurriedly takes small memorandum book from his pocket, writes a brief note, tears out leaf, folds it into small compass, goes to desk, exchanges his magazine for another, hands note to* Miss DUPLESSIS *and resumes seat and reading.* Miss DUPLESSIS *glances at note.*]

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Aside, reading note.)

Never saw you before, of course, but would like to see you again, for old times' sake.

[HARTWELL *looks up inquiringly and* Miss DUPLESSIS *smiles and nods assent.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Stooping and looking closely at books.)

The Laws of Heredity—Lombroso's Criminal Man—Social Parasites—Spencer's Social Statics—Diseases of the Brain—How very interesting, and how romantic! Humph! I do hope there's another selection of light reading matter on the premises. *(Turning to* Miss DUPLESSIS.*)* What was that book vou were reading last evening, Kathryn dear?

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Defiantly.)

Mlle. de Maupin.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Treasure it carefully, my dear. You may need it in the near future. I fancy I see—

[Dr. ALLYN *enters briskly from reception hall.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Why, Kathryn, dear! And Mrs. Duplessis! This is indeed an honor. *(Laughing.)* Welcome to my workshop! Have you been waiting long?

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Rising, petulantly.)

Hours and hours!—and my first visit, too.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Apologetically, shaking hands with both ladies.)

Ah, if I had only known you were coming.—Just think what I have missed!

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Poutingly.)

Just think how long we've been waiting in your—*(Glancing at skulls.)* Golgotha.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Noting direction of her glance, and laughing.)

Matsada never will draw the curtains of that cabinet. If I

forget to draw them he leaves them open. He's mortally afraid of those skulls.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Shrugging shoulders.)

I don't blame him—but possibly they disgust rather than frighten him.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Going to cabinet and drawing curtains.)

There, dear; we'll hide them. But really, while they are not cheerful companions they are quiet and restful—and very useful in their way.

[*Curtain cord snaps and curtains fall apart.*]

(Continuing.)

There, I've done it now! Well, we'll just pretend that the skulls are concealed *(Laughing and returning to ladies, who are greatly amused.)* You see, ladies, how badly I need a wife.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Satirically.)

Yes, I noticed that ——— long before the curtains fell.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

I told Kathryn that our waiting for you this morning was just by way of initiation into the ways of doctors and the life of the doctor's wife.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing and raising his finger warningly.)

I hope you'll not carry the initiation too far, Madam.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

I'm a doctor's daughter you know, and perhaps I *am* a bit dangerous.

Dr. ALLYN.

Sure enough—I never thought of that. Kathryn, dear, you mustn't take your mother too seriously. She may be biased and—

[HARTWELL, *who has risen, coughs slightly.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Noticing HARTWELL.*)*

Well, of all things!—if here isn't Ross Hartwell!

[*Goes to* HARTWELL *with both hands extended. They shake hands.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

Where on earth did you come from?

HARTWELL.

I'm trying to redeem myself for past neglect and dropped in for a moment to ask you—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Interrupting.)

Oh, never mind the errand—let me introduce you to these ladies.

[*Takes* HARTWELL *by the arm and leads him to the ladies, who stand smilingly expectant.*]

(Continuing.)

Mrs. Duplessis and Miss Duplessis, permit me to present Mr. Hartwell, my old college chum and intimate friend.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Quite composed and extending hand.)

I'm always glad to meet Gilbert's friends, Mr. Hartwell.

HARTWELL.

(Taking Miss DUPLESSIS' *hand and bowing low over it.)*

I'm more than charmed to meet Gilbert's *fiancée,* Miss Duplessis. *(Turns to* Mrs. DUPLESSIS *and proffers his hand.)* and equally charmed to meet you, Mrs. Duplessis.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Shaking hands.)

The pleasure is mutual, Mr. Hartwell.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Reproachfully.)

But, Mr. Hartwell, how does it happen that we've not met you before?

HARTWELL.

I've just returned from abroad and *(Bowing and smiling politely.)* have missed many pleasant associations during my absence from New York. I regret to say also, that I must content myself this morning with mere perfunctory greetings. *(Turning to* Doctor ALLYN.*)* I called upon the doctor with the intention of dragging the old hermit-crab out of his shell.

Dr. ALLYN.

And what was the bait with which you meant to tempt me?

HARTWELL.

I'm making up a week-end yachting party of gentlemen from the yacht club for next Friday and *(Laughing.)* we're afraid we'll get seasick; so I've appointed myself a committee of one to secure a doctor for the cruise. We also need a chemist—to test our wines and foodstuffs.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Seriously.)

I'm dreadfully sorry, old fellow, but I'm so tied up with one thing or another that I can't possibly get away. It's mighty good of you to ask me, though.

HARTWELL.

(Insistently.)

Oh, bother the work! Forget it, and have a good time for once in your young life. Let your books and chemicals and *(Looking toward cabinet of skulls.)* those bony frights go hang for once—*(Laughing.)* or twice, as to those knights of the boneyard.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Regretfully.)

It's impossible, Ross. I have an article to finish, and on Saturday evening I'm billed to give a lecture at Newark.

HARTWELL.

(Hopelessly, addressing the ladies.)

That's the way it always has been with Gilbert, ladies. But I hoped he had reformed.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Earnestly, laying his hand on HARTWELL'S *shoulder.)*

You never did understand, Ross, but I appreciate your kindness just the same. Sometime, perhaps—

HARTWELL.

(With slight irritation.)

Oh, confound your "sometimes!" When the sky falls we shall catch larks—meanwhile we dine off sparrows. *(Sighing.)* Well, if you won't, you won't—and there's an end on't. And now I will bid you good morning, ladies.

[*Bows to ladies.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Good morning, Mr. Hartwell.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Smilingly.)

Good morning, Mr. Hartwell. I hope we may soon meet again and become better acquainted. I'm sure we shall be very good friends.

HARTWELL.

(Bowing profoundly.)

I sincerely hope so, Miss Duplessis.

[HARTWELL *starts for exit, door of reception hall.* Dr. ALLYN *accompanies him, grasping him friendlywise by the arm.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

But why this tremendous haste?

HARTWELL.

I'm still picking up the old threads, you know, and sorting them out, and that keeps me pretty busy. Besides, I'm opening an office, and all that sort of thing *(Laughing.)* and I *might* miss a client.

Dr. ALLYN.

So you really are attending to business? I surely will be in court the day you plead your first case. That will be a day to be marked with a white stone.

HARTWELL.

(Extending hand.)

It's a bet. *Au revoir!*

Dr. ALLYN.

(Slapping HARTWELL *on the back.)*

Au revoir, old man, and success to you.

[*The ladies remain standing during*

the parting of the doctor and HARTWELL. *As the doctor is saying au revoir to* HARTWELL *they converse in asides.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

You see how it will be, my dear. If social pleasures have no attraction for the bachelor, how easy it will be for the benedict to abstain from them.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Irritably.)

Yes, I see; but I'll take care of that.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Dryly.)

Well, dear, if the author of Mlle. de Maupin has written any other books, I'll give you the whole lot for a wedding present. And I'll cut out the dinner gowns from your trousseau—you'll not need them.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Returning to ladies.)

There is one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the cleverest. You'll like him, Kathryn, dear—he's so genial and quick-witted.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

I hope I shall like all your friends, Gilbert, Mr. Hartwell included. But, candidly, he doesn't impress me.

Dr. ALLYN.

Oh, he's not as much surface as you might suppose—nor as much as he pretends. I'm sure you'll like him when you come to know him.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

Well, I'll try to like him, anyhow, for your sake, Gilbert, if not for his own.

[*The ladies seat themselves,* Mrs. DUPLESSIS *at right of desk and* Miss DUPLESSIS *below desk.*

Dr. ALLYN *seats himself in his desk chair.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

It was mighty good of you ladies to visit me this morning.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Pouting.)

Indeed, it *was* very good of us—and if I were not of a most forgiving disposition I shouldn't have come.

Dr. ALLYN.

Forgiving disposition! Granted, but *(Laughing.)* what have I done now?

Miss DUPLESSIS.

Such a memory! Now I *am* piqued. You were to take me to the opera last evening. Instead of an evening of music I remained at home. Instead of a personal call from my *fiancé* I

received a dozen American Beauties and a telephone message saying that you were going out of town.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling indulgently.)

I don't blame you for being piqued. And it was presumptious for me to consider the matter closed——

Miss DUPLESSIS.

By the telephone and the florist.

[Mrs. DUPLESSIS *rises and goes to window at right.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Rising and going to Miss DUPLESSIS *and taking her face between his hands.)*

I'll close the incident again, little girl. *(Kisses her.)* and wish myself many happy returns.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

Of the incident?

Dr. ALLYN.

No; of the closure.

[*Kisses her again.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

And now, Doctor, if you and Kathryn have quite made up—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Standing by Miss DUPLESSIS *and taking her hand.)*

We have—quite. Haven't we, Kathryn?

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Lightly.)

Oh, I suppose so.

[*Doctor turns expectantly to* Mrs. DUPLESSIS.]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Returning from window and resuming her seat.)

I wish to speak to you on a matter of importance relative to Kathryn.

[Miss DUPLESSIS *impatiently rises and goes to window at right.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(With mild astonishment.)

To Kathryn! Why, what—

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

Oh, it's nothing serious—just a little matter in which I think we should have a clear understanding. On several occasions I've heard you remark in a congratulatory way upon Kathryn's ancestry. You are right regarding the Duplessis family—it is one of the most aristocratic and famous in the South. But I feel that it is my duty to tell you that Kathryn is not a Duplessis.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With astonishment.)

Not a Duplessis! Why, do you mean that—that you were married before you—

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Before I married the general? No.

Dr. ALLYN.

I fear I do not quite comprehend—

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Kathryn is my adopted daughter.

Dr. ALLYN.

Your—adopted—daughter!

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Yes.

Dr. ALLYN.

Why, you astonish me! I never should have suspected such a thing. You seemed so devoted to each other that—

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

No one ever has suspected it. The General and I loved her as dearly as though she were our very own. So jealous were we of our secret that my husband and I mutually pledged ourselves—and pledged Kathryn—never to reveal to any one our true relations. You are the first to learn it.

Dr. ALLYN.

But your friends, Mrs. Duplessis? How did you—?

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Oh, that was very simple. When our only daughter died the General and I broke up our old home in Louisiana and traveled about from place to place for some years. We were simply heart-broken and could not bear the slightest mention of the old home or of our old friends. In trying to forget we were almost forgotten. About five years ago we chanced to be visiting in Washington and were invited to the commencement exercises of a girls' boarding school in that city. Kathryn was one of the pupils. The General happened to notice her resemblance to our dear daughter whom we had lost, and called my attention to her. The resemblance was so startling that we were both quite overcome—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

Quite naturally.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

We sought out the young girl and, on closer inspection, were still more impressed with the resemblance to our loved one who was gone. We investigated her circumstances and found that her parents were dead and that she was nominally under the charge of a guardian whom she had never seen. We resolved to adopt her, if possible. Correspondence with her guardian developed that he would be glad to shift the burden of responsibility of the girl's care to other shoulders. The rest was easy. We adopted Kathryn and settled down quietly in Richmond, Virginia, where my dear husband died, two

years ago. After his death I again broke up my home and Kathryn and I have ever since been traveling about like a couple of female nomads.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Hesitatingly.)

And Kathryn's antecedents—do you—?

[Miss DUPLESSIS *turns and looks squarely at* Dr. ALLYN.]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

She can tell you the rest of the story, and doubtless will—much better than I can. *(To* Miss DUPLESSIS.*)* Kathryn—

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Approaching.)

Yes, Mamma. *(Turning to* Dr. ALLYN, *irritably.)* Are my antecedents, then, of so much importance? Are you betrothed to my antecedents or to me? Does my personality demand the support of a family tree?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Taken aback.)

Why, I—you see, dearest, I naturally was astonished by your mother's revelation. I'm not questioning your antecedents and—and your personality speaks for itself. *(Slowly and reflectively.)* It makes no difference, after all, whether or not the Duplessis blood runs in your vains. Your own is doubtless quite as good. *(With enthusiasm.)* Why, you show in every feature and movement that you were bred right—and that is the vital point.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(With dignity.)

The general and I professed to be somewhat discerning in such matters, and were satisfied to let Kathryn's personality speak for her. We never questioned her breeding. I spoke of it to you merely because I thought it only fair, and because—

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling disdainfully and looking significantly toward the cabinet of skulls.)

And because of a certain gentleman's hobby, eh, mamma?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Noting the direction of her glance.)

I can't quite see the application of the hobby to the present situation.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Sarcastically.)

I'm glad of that. It makes me feel reasonably sure of my ground.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Fervently.)

You may be absolutely sure of your ground, dear.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(With dignity.)

I'm sure you are both right in your conclusions as to my breeding—but I might have some difficulty in proving up.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Astonished.)

Difficulty!

Miss DUPLESSIS.

Yes—difficulty.

Dr. ALLYN.

I don't quite comprehend.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Coldly.)

Naturally, for I have not told you my story. I never knew my mother—she died when I was a baby. For some reason best known to himself, my father kept me in an institution—until I was old enough to be placed in school. He gave me the best educational advantages that money could procure—but that was all. I never saw him after I was old enough to remember him. *(Proudly.)* He died, finally, in battle in the Philippines, leaving me in the nominal care of a guardian whom I never saw. I have a few letters from my father—and his picture, which, with a few hundred dollars that he left me are all that link me to my family. Mother has told you how I happened to enter the Duplessis family.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Hesitatingly.)

Why, the matter is not really important, but—may I ask your father's name?

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

Well, you do seem interested in my family tree, after all. I'm not going to tell you his name—until I've shown you his picture. Then, if you don't say that he was handsome and that I resemble him, I'll say his name was John Smith or Peter Brown—or something equally unromantic. The next time you call I will—

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

It will not be necessary to wait until then, Kathryn, dear. *(Opening hand bag.)* I have the photograph here—and the letters.

[*Produces packet of letters and a small card photograph and hands them to Kathryn.*]

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling, and taking packet.)

Oh, that wonderful handbag! and that wonderful mamma, who provides against all contingencies—possible and impossible!

[*Gives photograph and letters to* Dr. ALLYN.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Protestingly, but taking letters and photograph.)

How absurd it all is! As if the details of your family history made any difference, one way or the other!

[Dr. ALLYN *looks at photograph and starts violently with surprise and consternation.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

This was—your—your father!

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Astonished.)

Why, Gilbert!—did you know my father?

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

You knew Mr. Hetherington! How very strange.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Confusedly.)

N—no. At first sight I thought that—that the picture was—that of a very dear friend of mine who is dead. The—the resemblance startled me. You said, Mrs. Duplessis, that his name was—was—

Miss DUPLESSIS.
Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(In concert.)

Hetherington—Charles Hetherington.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Regaining composure and looking calmly at the picture.)

Hetherington—I do not recall ever having met any one of that name. The resemblance to my dead friend is not so strong as it seemed at first.

[*Lays letter and photograph on table.*]

Miss DUPLESSIS.

I wish you would read my father's letters, Gilbert, dear.

Dr. ALLYN.

I will gladly do so, Kathryn *(Puts arm around her.)* since—well, since you wish me to do so, although really, little girl, credentials are unnecessary. But would you mind leaving them with me, so that I may look them over at my leisure? I don't propose to have your visit encroached upon by any further consideration of your family history.

[*Leads her to chair.*

Several patients are ushered by MATSADA *into reception hall and take seats.*

MATSADA *draws curtains and disappears.*]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

But, Doctor, we must be going. It is not right to rob you of any more of the time that should be devoted to your patients.

Dr. ALLYN.

Oh, bother the patients!

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling.)

But, Doctor, patients are necessary evils—they must be attended to. Besides, we have some shopping to do—and *(Playfully tapping Kathryn's cheek with her lorgnette.)* this little girl may as well have another illustration of the joys of a physician's life.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Laughing.)

Nothing like being prepared for the worst, Gilbert.

Dr. ALLYN.

True; but let us hope there will be no worst. To balance matters, Kathryn, I'll call on you tomorrow morning—and *(Laughing.)* I'll forget to tell Matsada where I'm going.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

That will be an improvement, Gilbert, dear.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Our courtship *has* occasionally been disturbed by telephone rings, hasn't it?

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Aside, to herself.)

More preliminary training.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

Occasionally! Well, I wish I had kept tab.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

It's evident that Don Cupid should have taken a medical degree. He's a little out of harmony with doctors' courtships.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

I'll take the little rascal in charge and train him in courtship of the practical kind.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Poutingly.)

Better take yourself in hand, Gilbert, and learn the sentimental variety.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Taking Miss DUPLESSIS' *hand and bowing low over it.)*

Touchez, mademoiselle! But with the aid of that picture *(Indicating picture of Miss Duplessis on desk.)* I'm learning fast.

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

Don't mind me, children.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

We don't.

[*He kisses* Miss DUPLESSIS.]

Mrs. DUPLESSIS.

(Moving toward exit, door of reception hall.)

Come, Kathryn, dear—we really must be going.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

Yes, Mamma.

[Dr. ALLYN *and* KATHRYN *follow* Mrs. DUPLESSIS, *the doctor with his arm around his fiancée.*]

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Raising her finger warningly.)

Don't forget, Gilbert, that you have a very important engagement for tomorrow evening.

Dr. ALLYN.

I not only will not forget, but if any one tries to interfere with our plans *(Savagely.)*—well, I'll poison him.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Extending hand.)

And you'll not forget to read the letters I gave you?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

No—if you really wish me to read them, dear. But I shall read them only to please you, and not by way of investigation.

Miss DUPLESSIS.

(Smiling and raising her lips to be kissed.)

Thank you, dear.

[*He kisses her, they exchange goodbys, the doctor shows the ladies out through curtained door of reception hall and returns to desk. Picks up photograph and gazes at it steadily for a moment.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

The resemblance is simply startling! The expression of the eyes, the shape and poise of the head—even the mouth is what his would be if his face were younger and smoothly shaven. *(Regards picture intently.)* Pshaw! What rank nonsense! *(Throws photograph on table.)* The thing is as impossible as it would be monstrous. *(Picks up photograph and looks at it again.)* My hobby is beginning to ride *me!* My apologies to you and to the uniform you wore, Charles Hetherington—hero and patriot! I'm ashamed of my vivid imagination. *(Lays down photograph and picks up packet of letters.)* I promised Kathryn I would read these letters,—and I must keep faith with her. Let my promise to her be my justification, Charles Hetherington!

[Dr. ALLYN *lights a cigar and half seats himself on corner of desk. Carelessly extracts a letter at random from the packet, opens it and with an indifferent air perfunctorily glances over it.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sympathetically, laying down the first letter and picking up another.)

Poor fellow! He had plenty of heart, and he certainly loved his daughter.

[*He listlessly opens the second letter and begins to read.*]

(Continuing.)

His farewell letter on leaving for the Philippines. *(Reflectively.)* But why did he not go to see her and bid her good-by?

[*Continues reading.*

As the doctor proceeds with his reading his face expresses, at first interest and then consternation, and he stands down from desk.]

(Reading aloud.)

If anything should happen to me while in the Philippines, a good friend of mine has promised to act as your guardian. I have placed in his hands for you what money I have, with instructions to continue your education—so far as the money will permit. The balance, if any, is to be turned over to you when you become of age. I feel that your interests are safe in the hands of my best friend—George Maxwell!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Horrified and clutching at his desk for support.)

My God! George Maxwell, her pretended guardian, was her own father—and under his true name!

[*Throws letter on desk and picks up photograph.*]

(Continuing.)

George Maxwell! Gentleman George! Bank robber and—murderer!—and Kathryn is his daughter!—God! no. It can't be true—there's a terrible mistake somewhere! *(Starts with sudden recollection.)* Ah! Maxwell's letters!—and his daughter's photograph! Why have I never opened that packet?

[*Hastens to safe, nervously opens it and with some difficulty finds packet of letters. Takes letters from safe and stands for a moment gazing at the packet as if afraid to inspect it. Pulls himself together by a violent effort.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing, firmly.)

Come, my friend, be a man! If the worst is to come, face it!

[*Opens packet and extracts photograph, gazes at picture for a moment as if dazed.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing, dropping letters and photograph to the floor in front of open safe.)

Kathryn!

[*He clasps his forehead in his hand and totters aimlessly to chair above desk. Falls into chair and assumes an attitude of prostration and deepest dejection.*]

[*Enter* MATSADA, *by reception hall.*]

MATSADA.

(Solicitously.)

Is honorable doctor to be sick?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Recovering himself and affecting composure.)

No, Matsada—not sick, just tired.

MATSADA.

Will honorable doctor the patients to see?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Explosively.)

Damn the ———! *(Wearily.)* No, Matsada. Tell them to call tomorrow morning. Say that I've suddenly been called away.

MATSADA.

(Bowing low and backing out through curtains of reception room door.)

Yis, sar.—Thank you, sar.

[*Exit* MATSADA.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Turning to desk and picking up Kathryn's picture.)

Innocent victim of society's sins! Helpless offering on the altar of a remorseless heredity! George Maxwell, your revenge upon society is complete. Why must your daughter and I pay the price? Even though she did not stand in the shadow of an awful paternity, she is bone of the bone, blood of the blood and brain of the brain of an opium-eating suicide! My God! What chance has she to escape?—And her children?—It can not be!—I must not tempt fate.

[*Lays down picture and walks about.*]

(Continuing.)

It is all unfair to her—but she inherited social unfairness with her blood. Society was unfair to her before she was born—it was unfair to her father—to her mother. Unfairness is the common heritage of the brood of Ishmael. *(Halts and faces down stage.)* And this is the end of my romance! How like Eden was our paradise! When knowledge came, then came disaster. But when Adam left the gates of that earthly

paradise behind him, Eve was by his side, whilst we—we must go our several ways alone! Why could we not have been ignorant islanders in the far-off Southern seas?—There could we have lived and loved and listened to the prattle of our children and of our children's children—until for us time should have been no more. There Nature would have been kind.—No science there with ruthless hand to tear us apart. But here—and now! Duty! Duty! *(Walks about.)* Ross was right. Duty *is* an ugly word. How can I explain to Kathryn? —And she expects me tomorrow evening! God! If I break our engagement and tell her the truth it will kill her. If I do not explain, she'll think me a cad. Well, better that than the other—better a plausible lie than either. But I can't look into her eyes and lie! For the first time in my life I'm a coward!

[*Goes to desk, stands for a moment reflecting, then seats himself and begins to write.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Reading aloud as he writes:)

My dear Miss Duplessis:—Since our conversation of this morning relative to your family, I have been seriously considering the situation, and have decided that it is best for all concerned that our engagement be broken. Aside from the fact that you are not, as I had supposed, Mrs. Duplessis' own daughter, I find that I am less interested than I had believed myself to be—

[*Pauses and exclaims with emotion:*]

Interested! Ye Gods! What a contemptible lie!

(Continues writing and reading:)

My work is absorbing and requires practically all my atten-

tion. In marrying under present conditions I should do an injustice to both the woman I married and my own life work. Call this selfish if you will—I should not blame you if you did—you will still, I think, admit its cogency and, in time I hope, will see that what I am doing is for the best. *(Pauses and exclaims with emotion:)* God knows it *is* for the best!

(Continues writing and reading:)

Under the circumstances it would be better that we should not keep our engagement for tomorrow evening. Very sincerely,—Gilbert Allyn.

[*Folds, encloses, addresses and stamps letter. Rises, letter in hand, and looks mournfully at envelope.*]

(Continuing, sadly.)

If Kathryn Duplessis is not cured of all respect for me—to say nothing of love—when she reads that letter, I—well, I'm a poor judge of character.

[*Presses push button on desk. 'Phone rings, answers 'phone.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Hello! *(Starts with surprise.)* Oh, yes ——— Kathryn—What a—what a pleasant surprise! ——— Oh, no, I'm—quite well, just a little fatigued, that's all. ——— And you? ——— That's good. ——— Forget? Why, of course not! ——— Oh, yes, I—I *am* on time—sometimes. Good-by,—dearest.

(With great emotion.)

That voice!—The sweetest in the whole wide world!

[*Stands for a moment irresolutely, let-*

ter in hand, picks up Miss DUPLESSIS' *picture and gazes earnestly at it.*

Enter MATSADA *and stands expectantly at door, at left.*]

Did honorable doctor make the bell to ring?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Abruptly putting down picture. Hesitatingly.)

Y—yes—mix me a cocktail.

MATSADA.

(Proceeding to mix drink.)

Yis, sar.—Thank you, sar.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Reflectively.)

What right have I to render a snap judgment in a case like this? What right have I to make that poor girl unhappy?—There are exceptions to all rules, even of heredity—and Kathryn is physically perfect.

[MATSADA *approaches with cocktail.* Dr. ALLYN *drinks it.*

Exit MATSADA, *pausing at exit.*]

MATSADA.

Shall the low-born the honorable letter to post?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sharply.)

Damn the letter! Don't be so officious, Matsada!

MATSADA.

Yis, sar.—Thank you, sar.

[*Exit* MATSADA.

The doctor stands for a moment, letter in hand, then determinedly goes to the fire place. Tears letter to pieces, throwing fragments one after the other into the grate. When they are consumed he returns to desk, picks up KATHRYN'S *picture and admiringly and with emotion gazes at it.*]

CURTAIN.

THE FOURTH ACT

SCENE ONE

THE FOURTH ACT

SCENE I.

TIME—Two years later. A Winter Morning.

SCENE:

The Breakfast room at the Allyns'.

In the center of the room is a small round table set for two, showing a silver coffee urn and the conventional table furnishings in fine chinaware and silver. In the center of the table is a vase of red roses.

There are several extra chairs and a serving table and a potted palm at rear center. Mantel and grate at right, with gilt ormolu clock and several vases. The walls of the room are richly paneled and hung in pale blue and gold.

Large double windows at rear center, extending to floor and partly hidden by pale blue curtains.

Practical doors at right and left.

[*The doctor and his wife are seen sitting at the breakfast table.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Wiping his mouth with his napkin, pushing back his chair and looking at his watch.)

The coffee was excellent, my dear, and the rolls superb. I feel quite fit, and ready for the day's work—and I've plenty of it to do.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Tartly.)

Riding hobbies, as usual, I suppose.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Genially.)

Not entirely, my love. A fellow has to keep close to the earth part of the time. I confess, though, that I do prefer the hobbies.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Sneering.)

Yes—Necessity is my fairy god-mother. It's a pity she doesn't remind you oftener of your responsibilities.

[Dr. ALLYN *shrugs his shoulders.*

ATKINS, *the maid, enters at right with the morning papers and offers them to* Mrs. ALLYN.]

ATKINS.

The mornin' pypers, Ma'am.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Crisply.)

Give me the Herald, Atkins.

ATKINS.

(Selecting and presenting paper.)

Yes, Ma'am.

[Mrs. ALLYN *proceeds to read the paper.*]

ATKINS.

(Offering paper to Dr. ALLYN.*)*

The Times, sir?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Taking paper.)

Thank you, Atkins.

[*Doctor begins reading.*
Exit ATKIN, *door at right.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Sneeringly, looking up from paper.)

So this was the important engagement that prevented you from taking me to the opera last evening! *(Reads aloud, slowly.)* Dr. Gilbert Allyn, the well known neurologist, addresses the Manhattan Social Science Club on Capital Punishment in its Relations to Social Self Defense.

[*She throws the paper on the floor and looks severely at the doctor.*]

(Continuing.)

And you prefer that sort of thing to an evening of music in the company of your wife!

Dr. ALLYN.

Why, my dear, it is not a matter of—well, of preferring my work to your society. If I am to accomplish anything in the world, you and I both must make sacrifices.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Snappishly.)

Yes; but the sacrifices are one-sided. What do *you* sacrifice in wasting an entire evening over your pet hobby?

Dr. ALLYN.

Well, dear, I feel that in depriving myself of the pleasure of your society I am making considerable sacrifice, even though my work is in itself agreeable.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Hotly.)

You needn't be satirical!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Coolly.)

I really did not intend to be satirical, my dear, but since you take it that way, I might remark that you know best whether you would have made last evening agreeable for me. In your present mood you—

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Indignantly.)

Mood! Mood! That's the man of it. Whenever a woman stands up for her rights it's a matter of mood!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

All right, my dear, if it will please you better we will take it for granted that for once the sacrifice was not great. *(Looking at his watch and rising.)* I fear I shall have to excuse myself, Kathryn. I promised—

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Irritably.)

That's always the way! You never have any time for me! Mamma was right—a woman who marries a doctor is a fool!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

Mothers-in-law are *always* right—at least I'm going to try and believe that mine is—the more especially as I suspect that you misunderstood her. But if being late at my consultation will help any, why here goes.

[*Seats himself resignedly, shrugging his shoulders and laying down the newspaper. Produces a cigar.*]

(Continuing.)

Don't mind if I smoke, do you, my dear?

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Snappishly.)

As if it made any difference whether I liked it or not!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Earnestly.)

It certainly does make a difference.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Sighing resignedly.)

Oh, go ahead—make a ham of yourself, if you like.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Lighting cigar.)

Thank you, my love. I almost wish you could join me. We doctors preach against tobacco, but we find it very soothing. Come, little girl, what is there about my hobby that is so objectionable?

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Tartly.)

It takes up a lot of time that—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Interrupting.)

That should be devoted to boiling the pot, eh?

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Defiantly.)

Yes; that should be devoted to boiling the pot.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Thoughtfully.)

But what is life worth to an ambitious man if he thinks only of the flesh pots? Every man owes something to his fellow man.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Sneeringly.)

His fellow man!—Bosh! Gilbert Allyn, I've come to the conclusion that what you lack is common sense! If you had more of that and less learning you'd be a lot better off!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Indeed! What new evidence have you dug up on that point?

Mrs. ALLYN.

New evidence! No new evidence is necessary—I've been your wife long enough to form an opinion from daily experience.

Dr. ALLYN.

Then you think that anything I may do for the betterment of social conditions is sheer foolishness?

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Emphatically.)

I most certainly do. And what's more, I have my doubts as to your sincerity.

Dr. ALLYN.

(In astonishment.)

Of my sincerity—why, Kathryn!

Mrs. ALLYN.

Yes; of your sincerity. *(Sneeringly.)* I fancy that a desire for notoriety has much to do with your philanthropy stunts.

[*Picks up newspaper and displays it accusingly.*]

(Continuing.)

Headlines in big caps are probably quite to your taste.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Lying back in his chair and laughing heartily.)

Kathryn, dear, you are so illogically funny that I forgive your rather pointed allusions to my mental atrophy and luxurious egotism. You ought to have been a doctor, Kathryn. The Medical Knockers' Club is probably agreeing this morning with your estimate of your husband. The top-notch doctors are saying I'm a fool and the fellows who never did anything, that I'm a good advertiser—a useless waste of energy, for it's merely a repetition of what they all have said before. *(Flipping ashes from his cigar.)* You surely are an apostle of medical ethics, my love. So long as you accept popular fame as proof that a physician is either a fool or an unethical advertiser, or both, you'll be perfectly regular.

Mrs. ALLYN.

Gilbert Allyn, you are impossible!

[*With a gesture of impatience she resumes reading her newspaper.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Rising and looking at his watch.)

And now that I have been duly classified and labeled by an expert, please may I go forth to the day's work?

[Mrs. ALLYN *petulantly shrugs her shoulders and does not answer.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Aside, to himself.)

Any man who ever accuses his wife of having moods is a base slanderer, and ought to be put in jail.

[*Enter* ATKINS *at right with a number of letters. Stops just within entrance. The couple look inquiringly at her.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Crossly.)

Well?

ATKINS.

The mornin' mail, ma'am.

[*Approaches* Mrs. ALLYN *and hands her several letters which she proceeds to open and read.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Is there anything for me, Atkins?

ATKINS.

A lot of them, sir.

[*Hands the doctor a number of letters.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Taking letters.)

Thank you, Atkins.

[ATKINS *goes to door at right.*]

ATKINS.

(To herself, stopping at door, looking back at her master and mistress and sighing prodigiously.)

How very nice the *master* is.

[*Exit* ATKINS.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Glancing over the letters and regarding one intently. To himself.)

From the Philippines!—Helen!

[*Puts letter in his pocket.*]

(Continuing, aloud.)

Nothing here that will not keep until this evening.

[*He lays remaining letters on the mantel.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Delightedly, rising, letter in hand.)

Oh, Gilbert! Isn't this grand? Here's an invitation to Mrs. Park Williston's reception and ball!

[*Hands invitation to* Dr. ALLYN.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Reading invitation critically.)

Well, it appears to be genuine.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Wonderingly.)

How in the world did she happen to invite us?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smilingly.)

She evidently is a G. P.

Mrs. ALLYN.

A G.-P.?

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes; a grateful patient. No wonder you never heard of the phenomenon before. It's a species of bird as rare as the dodo or the great auk. Mrs. Williston fancies that I recently rendered her good service, and as Mother Nature isn't jealous, I let it go at that.

Mrs. ALLYN.

Yes; but I never have met her and—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Satirically.)

And the invitation is rather unconventional, eh? Well, her illness was recent, and she remembers the pain better than she does the conventions. She had a terrific neuralgia—and if the memory of a neuralgia will not make a society woman forget conventionalities, nothing will. But don't worry, my dear—she'll come out of it. They always do. *(Laughing.)* Wait 'till Williston gets my bill.

[Mrs. ALLYN *lays invitation on the table, pleadingly laying her hand on the doctor's arm.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

Oh, Gilbert! Do let us accept the invitation. It will give me

an opportunity to get in with the right sort of people—the best opportunity I ever have had. The Williston family is one of the oldest in New York. Mrs. Williston is one of our social leaders.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Satirically.)

Yes; she's one of the Four Hundred. And she really belongs, too. She was a Van—something or other. Her great-great grandfather made a fortune swapping bad whiskey and worse religion with the Indians for good land and fine furs. The original Williston was a British ticket-of-leave man, who wasn't so bad when he had a chance to be decent. *(Laughing.)* Don't know what he would have thought of Park Williston—he's a shearer of Wall Street lambs. They say his crops of wool are immense. *(Flipping the ashes from his cigar.)* The original Williston probably never took anything that was nailed down; the present head of the house isn't so particular. There are reasons why I ought to study Wall Street more and Blackwell's Island less. Yes—the Willistons belong to the Four Hundred, all right! *(Satirically.)* So condescending of them to invite us! So grand to have an opportunity to break into society!

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Tearfully.)

I think we might accept. I don't like to be buried all my life. There ought to be a law forbidding physicians to marry.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughingly.)

Instead of an unwritten law commanding them to do so, eh? It might be an improvement in some ways.

[*Picks up invitation and reads it again.*]

(Continuing.)

Well, Kathryn, I'm going to give you a little surprise. I'll not promise to get into the reception habit or make a contract to reform, but I'll mend my ways to the extent of attending this particular function.

[*Tosses invitation upon the table.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Delightedly, throwing her arms around her husband's neck.)

Gilbert, dear! Do you really mean it?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Kissing her.)

I certainly do. But you must keep track of the date, my dear, and keep me reminded of it, or I may have a relapse and lose the opportunity of giving for one evening an imitation of an attentive and dutiful spouse.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Gayly.)

Rest assured I'll not allow you to forget it, Gilbert. I'll not be sure of you until—

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Until we are homeward bound after the reception, eh? Well, I don't blame you. If I fail you this time, why—I'll let you give the next lecture.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Gayly.)

I'll be glad of the chance, just to make you jealous. I've been thinking for a long time of preparing a lecture on matrimony as a substitute for the electric chair.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing heartily and putting his arm around her.)

If things are as bad as that I really must reform.

Mrs. ALLYN.

I suppose you know, Gilbert, that I've nothing to wear to such an event?

Dr. ALLYN.

Really, dear, I hadn't noticed it, but now that you've mentioned it, put in a rush order with your dressmaker and get the proper plumage for the occasion. Don't hit 'em too hard, for you could put the Four Hundred's noses out of joint and wear nothing but calico. *(Pinching her cheek.)* If you are too gorgeously attired you may make me unpopular with my fashionable women patients. Beauty and fine raiment together are a bad combination when envy stalks abroad.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Kissing him.)

You get another kiss for that.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Tenderly.)

The most profitable speech I ever made.

[*Kissing her in return.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Gayly.)

Wait 'till you see the bills.

Dr. ALLYN.

Bills! Never mind the bills *(Laughing.)* I haven't sent Williston *his* bill yet, you know, so use your own discretion as to how much financial grief you plunge me into.

[*Puts his hands together as if in prayer and imitates a preacher.*]

(Continuing.)

All that a man hath will he give to his wife.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

How accurately you quote scripture. Really, dear, you missed your calling.

Dr. ALLYN.

Thank you, my love. With due modesty I'll admit that my version of the Scriptures would be popular with the women folks, and as for the music—*(Imitates a preacher.)* The congregation will now join in singing that bea—utiful hymn:—I want to be a climber, and with the climbers stand. Speaking of the clergy reminds me of the conventional. Just to show you that I'm a good sport, I'm going to order a new dress suit for the occasion. *(Laughing.)* To make sure that I'm properly harnessed for the social menagerie, perhaps I'd better get Ross Hartwell to advise me. He can give Berry Wall cards and spades.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Interestedly.)

Will Mr. Hartwell be at the Williston's?

Dr. ALLYN.

Sure! Williston and he studied art together and later were partners in the decorating business.

Mrs. ALLYN.

Art?

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes—art. They used so much vermilion in their paint that, if they had kept on, New York would have burned a hole in Manhattan Island—and dropped into Hades to cool off.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Absently.)

Oh—I see.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

Williston married, Ross reformed, and New York resumed her normal pink. They like to get together again and talk it all over. And now, please, may I go to that consultation? Under the circumstances I can hardly afford to miss that fee.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Kissing him and leading him by the arm toward door at left.)

Hurry along, dear, and please don't undervalue your services. *(Holds up her finger warningly.)* Remember the new plumage.

[*The doctor goes to door at left. Turns at exit.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Banteringly.)

By the way, dear, try and arrange with the society editors not to mention our presence at the reception. I don't like publicity; it isn't ethical—and you abhor it, you know.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Laughing and throwing him a kiss.)

If they don't publish it in black faced type I shall simply die.

Dr. ALLYN.

Consistency, thy name is woman!

[*Exit Doctor.*

Mrs. ALLYN *goes back to breakfast table, picks up invitation and scans it with great satisfaction.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Musingly.)

So, it has come at last—and the Williston's, of all places! Well, if one begins near the top it saves a good many steps—and life is short. And to think that Ross Hartwell will be there, and I shall dance with him! Plumage? Expense? Just watch your little Kathryn, Gilbert, dear!

CURTAIN.

THE FOURTH ACT

SCENE TWO

THE FOURTH ACT

SCENE II.

TIME—Two weeks later. Morning.

SCENE:

Dr. Allyn's library and consultation room.

[MATSADA *is standing near door leading into reception hall.*
ATKINS *is arranging desk.*]

MATSADA.

(Grinning.)

Better you be much careful wit' tings on honorable doctor's desk.

ATKINS.

(Scornfully.)

Careful! Careful! Fawncy now! It's not you that should be teachin' your betters. An' you needn't put on no h'airs h'over me, just because you're the butler, neither, Mr. Nayger. H'I've seen *real* butlers in H'England, H'I'd 'ave you know.

MATSADA.

(Angrily, taking a step toward her.)

What you mean—that Nayger?

ATKINS.

(Defiantly.)

Well, you needn't be a gettin' of your temper h'up h'about it. There's h'only two kinds of people: them as is w'ite an' them as h'isn't. You cawnt say you're w'ite, an' h'if you're not w'ite, then wot h'are you?

MATSADA.

(Proudly.)

Me Japanese—me Samurai!

ATKINS.

(Surveying him critically.)

Oh, h'are you now, really? 'Ow h'extraordinary! H'I thought your nyme was Matsy. H'I 'ad a beau once, an' 'is nyme was Sammy Ray, same as yours. But H'I never was very keen h'on 'im no'ow. 'E was a butler, too.

MATSADA.

(Shrugging his shoulders and holding up his hands despairingly.)

Oh, you not understand it—that Samurai—

ATKINS.

(Pertly, approaching MATSADA *and making a wry face at him.)*

Don't H'I, though? Well, H'I'm not takin' no lessons from no h'uncivilized h'aboriginal savage, h'any'ow.

[MATSADA *throws his arms about her and kisses her resoundingly.* Dr. ALLYN

suddenly enters, at left, and surveys the scene. MATSADA *and* ATKINS *spring apart.* ATKINS *proceeds to frantically dust the mantel, while* MATSADA *pretends to be arranging curtains of entrance from reception hall.*

The doctor goes to desk, laughingly glancing at MATSADA *and* ATKINS.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(To himself.)

Another Anglo-Japanese alliance, eh? Uncle Sam would better look out.

[*Seats himself, writes briefly, encloses, seals and addresses letter.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Matsada.

MATSADA.

Yis, sar.

Dr. ALLYN.

If you have arranged that blind to suit you, kindly deliver this letter for me.

MATSADA.

Yis, sar. Thank you, sar.

[*Goes to doctor and takes letter.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Suavely.)

I'll not need you for a couple of hours, Matsada; meanwhile amuse yourself in any way you like—away from the house.

MATSADA.

Yis, sar. Thank you, sar.

[*Goes to door at left. Pauses and turns at exit.*]

MATSADA.

(To himself.)

It is to be verra luckee doctor did not make to see the honorable keess!

[*Exit* MATSADA.]

Dr. ALLYN.

Atkins.

ATKINS.

Yes, sir.

Dr. ALLYN.

Atkins, I fear that you and Matsada are not getting along quite smoothly.

ATKINS.

No, sir! 'E 's a h'uncivilized 'eathen, sir, an' 'e 'as a very bad temper, sir.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

Well, be very patient with him, Atkins. There's nothing like the refining influence of woman to curb savage natures. You'll find him an apt pupil, Atkins. He seems to take to civilization like a duck to water.

ATKINS.

Yes, sir.

[ATKINS *goes to exit, door at left.*]

ATKINS.

(Pausing at exit, wonderingly.)

Now, wot'ever did the master mean? H'I wonder h'if he saw the h'outrageous w'y that 'eathen was a treatin' of me!

[*Exit* ATKINS.

Dr. ALLYN *unlocks a drawer at right hand side of desk, takes out a letter, pauses for a second, letter in hand, sighs and proceeds to open and read it.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Thoughtfully, looking up from letter.)

So Helen is coming home!

(Returning to letter and reading aloud.)

I somehow feel that you need me—and I *know* that I need you.

(Sighing.)

Poor Helen! You always have needed me. As for myself—

well, you may be right. You certainly understood, and could meet me on the same intellectual plane. As for anything more, why—perhaps I was a fool. But I'm not the only man who ever loved first and philosophized afterward. If humanity would only reverse the order of things and reflect first and love afterwards! Reflect! Reflect! *I* don't dare reflect! The man who wakes from a beautiful dream is always sorry he woke.—God knows how hard I'm trying to sleep—and to keep my dream!

(Continuing reading letter.)

My brain has lain fallow in this awful place and my heart aches for the refinements of life. I know now why home-sickness kills—and so, dear friend, I'm coming home.—

(Shaking his head.)

Poor girl! I don't blame you—but for your own sake I—Well, I wish that the Philippines were more attractive—I'm sorry, Helen, but I'll have to ask you to excuse me for the moment.

[*Puts letter in drawer and locks it. Rises and looks at his watch. Pushes call button on desk.*

Enter ATKINS, *at left.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Atkins, if any one calls before eleven, don't disturb me. Ask them to wait or call again.

[*Goes to exit, door at left.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Pausing at exit.)

Oh, by the way, Atkins: If Matsada should reciprocate your

endeavors to civilize him, be a little careful, especially in learning jiu jitsu. Some of the holds are a bit dangerous to the heart—and very unconventional.

ATKINS.

(Curtsying.)

Thank you, sir,

[*Exit* Dr. ALLYN, *laughing.*

ATKINS *proceeds to examine books in case.*]

ATKINS.

(Reading aloud title of books.)

Newrology, by Dr. Haitch H'Old'am. My word! 'Oo h'ever 'eard of a 'am a writin' of a book?

[*Office door bell rings.*]

ATKINS.

(Continuing.)

'Uman H'anatomy.—wot h'ever is that, I wonder?

[*Takes book from case and proceeds to examine it. After glancing at several pages she seats herself in an adjacent chair and comfortably settles herself to read.*

Office door bell rings again, violently.

ATKINS *jumps up suddenly with a scream, throwing book some distance away and covering her face with her hands.*]

ATKINS.

Oh, tyke it aw'y! Tyke it aw'y! *(Angrily, lowering hands from her face.)* H'I'll give notice this very dye; H'I'm only a servin' myde, but H'I'm respectable, so H'I am? An' H'I thought the master was *such* a nice man. H'I wonder if the missus h'ever—

[*Enter* JIM CARRUTHERS, *by reception hall.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(Amusedly, taking in the situation at a glance.)

Reading the Scriptures, eh, little one? Looking at the pictures, too? Beg pardon for disturbing your pious meditations, but—

[ATKINS *rushes to pick up book, returns it to case, closes case and stands with her back against it.*]

ATKINS.

(Saucily.)

H'it's none of your business *wot* H'I was a readin' of, Mr. Fresh! An' H'I'ave my h'opinion of gents wot walks h'into 'other people's 'ouses without ringin' of the bell.

CARRUTHERS.

(Blandly.)

So? And I've my opinion of pretty little maids who don't answer the door bell—and of people who leave street doors unlocked.

ATKINS.

(Defiantly.)

Nobody cares for your h'opinions.

CARRUTHERS.

Oh, I don't know, *(Approaching her.)* some pretty girls do.
[*Chucks her under the chin.*]

ATKINS.

(With pretended indignation.)
Keep your 'ands h'off me, Mr. Fresh!

CARRUTHERS.

(Putting hands behind him.)
Behave hands! Naughty!—naughty!

ATKINS.

'Oo are *you* an' wot do you want, h'any 'ow?

CARRUTHERS.

I want to see the doctor. Here's my card. Take it to him, please.

ATKINS.

(Ignoring card.)
But you cawn't see the doctor, you know; you really cawn't. 'E gave me h'orders not to bother 'im 'till h' eleven o'clock, sir.

CARRUTHERS.

(Insinuatingly.)
Now see here, Clarice, I—

ATKINS.

(Indignantly.)
My nyme's not Clarice, sir. My nyme's 'Arriet.

CARRUTHERS.

Why, it doesn't seem possible! You remind me so much of a swell lady friend of mine on Fifth Avenue that I thoughtlessly called you by her name.

ATKINS.

(Smiling and evidently flattered.)

Did you, really? *(Curtsying.)* Thank you, sir.

CARRUTHERS.

And now, sweetheart, if you don't mind, I want to see the doctor.

ATKINS.

But, really, Mr. ————

CARRUTHERS.

(Playfully pinching her cheek and again proffering his card.)

Carruthers, my dear. *You* may call me Jim.

ATKINS.

(Curtsying and giggling and taking card.)

Yes, sir, thank you, sir. But, Mr. Jymes, the doctor gyve me h'orders—

[CARRUTHERS *smiles persuasively, taking* ATKINS *by the arm and leading her toward door at left.*]

CARRUTHERS.

That's all right, Pauline—I mean, 'Arriet. How long have you been over from dear ole Lunnon?

ATKINS.

H'about six weeks, sir.

CARRUTHERS.

Oh, I see. That explains it. You haven't caught onto the ways of us Americans yet, and I'm a little slow catching onto the ways of English maids. Here's an American emblem for you. It may make you see things less literally. *(Hands her a silver dollar.)* This h'emblem may help you to get on at court, Rosetta—I mean, 'Arriet.

ATKINS.

(Amazedly.)

At court, sir!

CARRUTHERS.

Surest thing you know. We have a court and a king here in America. His name is Graft. He's a first cousin of King Tip of Merrie H'England. That's his visiting card I gave you. Now run along, Maud, dear—I mean, 'Arriet, and give my card to the doctor. Here, take this for good measure.

[*Kisses her.*

ATKINS *affects to resist being kissed, but evidently is pleased. Goes to door at left. Partly re-opens door and looks back at* CARRUTHERS *for a second.*]

ATKINS.

(To herself.)

Wot a very nice man! An' my word! but e's 'andsome! Won-

der if 'e's married. H'of course 'e h'is. That kind h'always h'is.

[*Closes door.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(To himself.)

Jim Carruthers, your versatility may be necessary in your business, but it's bound to get you into trouble some day. *(Shrugs his shoulders.)* Well, it's all in the day's work, and if trouble comes in petticoats, surmounted by a pretty face, why—I'll try and face it like a man.

[*Goes to doctor's desk, picks up a book and begins perusing it.*

Enter Dr. ALLYN, *card in hand,* CARRUTHERS *lays down book.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Looking from CARRUTHERS *to card.)*

Mr. Carruthers?

CARRUTHERS.

(Advancing to meet the doctor.)

James Carruthers—at your service, sir. This, I believe, is Dr. Gilbert Allyn?

Dr. ALLYN.

That is my name, sir. And what, may I ask, is your business with me? I'm a little pressed for time this morning and, *(Smiling.)* as you are not a promising looking subject for a patient I—

CARRUTHERS.

I quite comprehend, Doctor, and will state my business as briefly as possible.

Dr. ALLYN.

Thank you, sir. Be seated, please.

[*They seat themselves,* CARRUTHERS *in chair below desk, doctor in desk chair.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Reflectively, looking at card.)

I don't recall your name, Mr. Carruthers, but I fancy I've seen you before. Your face seems familiar.

CARRUTHERS.

(Smiling.)

We have met before, but casually, only. I'm a detective from Central.

Dr. ALLYN.

Ah! I remember you now. You're the gentleman who interfered so seriously with the business of a protegé of mine, one Red Sullivan. *(Laughing.)* I owe you one for that, Carruthers; he was mighty useful to me.

CARRUTHERS.

(Laughing.)

In pursuing your pet hobby, eh? I just had to get him, Doctor. And he's pretty comfortable where he is. He has a pull with

the front office, so they made him orderly in the hospital at Sing Sing. He needn't have gone up—for he was mighty useful to us, too—only he got a bit gay with one of Boss Connerton's lady friends—and that settled *him*.

Dr. ALLYN.

So I heard. *(Satirically.)* Well, the morals of New York must be kept clean and the shrines of our statesmen kept undefiled.

CARRUTHERS.

(Laughing.)

You're on, doctor.

Dr. ALLYN.

(With mock seriousness.)

Say, Carruthers, you mustn't be so active in the performance of your duty. Please leave me a few crooks for scientific purposes.

CARRUTHERS.

(Smiling.)

Oh, you're pretty safe from my meddling for a while. I've changed my beat since I saw you last. I'm a kleptomania specialist now.

Dr. ALLYN.

A what!

CARRUTHERS.

A kleptomania specialist—I'm doing society stunts. I'm invited to all the society doings. My business is to keep an eye on wedding presents and see that the guests at swell social func-

tions don't appropriate each other's jewelry or garments, or walk off with the family diamonds—or the kitchen range.

Dr. ALLYN.

A combination of Sherlock Holmes and social lion, eh?

CARRUTHERS.

Precisely. And I rather like the game. Don't feel at home now out of a dress suit. I've even had my pajamas cut like one. Evening clothes drift so naturally into night clothes, you know.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Laughing.)

Fine; I never thought of that.

CARRUTHERS.

Meanwhile, the crooks are forgetting me and I can take a fresh hold by and by. *(Laughing.)* And I may cop out an heiress—who knows?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Offering visitor a cigar.)

Will you—

CARRUTHERS.

(Taking cigar.)

Thanks.

[*They light cigars and* Dr. ALLYN *expectantly awaits his visitor's pleasure.*]

CARRUTHERS.

And now to the business that brings me here. As you have surmised, Doctor, I'm not a fit subject for your profession just now. My errand is in the line of my own professional duty, although it is of considerable personal interest to yourself.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling.)

Ah, I see; you wish to present something of interest bearing upon my hobby to which you just alluded? That is very good of you.

CARRUTHERS.

(Gravely.)

The relation to your scientific studies of the matter that brought me here is a question which I'm not competent to decide. I'm not up in such things. I called to see you regarding a little incident that occurred last night at Mrs. Williston's ball, which I believe you attended. Mrs. Vandervoort, whom you at least know by hearsay, lost some very valuable diamonds. In my opinion they were taken by some guest.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Interestedly.)

At Mrs. Williston's ball? Then the diamonds were not found, after all!

CARRUTHERS.

(Astonished.)

How did you know that any were lost?

Dr. ALLYN.

Why, I chanced to hear of it quite by accident while in the smoking room. I overheard two gentlemen speaking of the loss of a diamond ornament of some kind. I gathered that the lady who lost it was the wife of one of the gentlemen. I gave the matter no further thought. In any event, I do not quite see how my interest in the crime problem can be of service to you in the matter.

CARRUTHERS.

(Gravely.)

You can be of the greatest assistance in this particular case.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Perplexedly.)

Indeed! How, pray?

CARRUTHERS.

Dr. Allyn, I'm not often embarrassed in the performance of my professional duties, and seldom have any difficulty in coming to the point. I'm the victim of both handicaps this morning and am hardly on the job.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Looking squarely at CARRUTHERS.*)*

I don't quite follow you.

CARRUTHERS.

What I want to say is that—well, that I didn't come here to interest you in the scientific features of what I believe to have

been the theft of the diamonds, or to ask your coöperation in detecting the culprit—that, I fear, has already been done. My business with you, I regret to say, is a very delicate matter, one that imposes on me a very disagreeable duty. In short, I—

[*While* CARRUTHERS *is speaking* Dr. ALLYN *gazes at him in amazement. As he concludes, the doctor rises slowly out of his chair, confronting the detective.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Slowly.)

What the devil are you driving at, sir? Do you mean to say that you suspect that I know—

CARRUTHERS.

(Quietly.)

Dr. Allyn, I have reason to believe that the person who knows more about the whereabouts of the missing diamonds than any one else is—your wife.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Furiously.)

What! You d——d—

[Dr. ALLYN *grasps a revolver from a half-open drawer at right of desk and covers* CARRUTHERS *with it before the latter can recover from his astonishment. The detective stoops just as the pistol is fired, the ball grazing his temple, inflicting a slight wound, and smashing the glass door of the book case. Before the*

doctor can fire again CARRUTHERS *knocks the pistol from his hand and grapples with him. The pistol falls some distance away. The two men struggle fiercely about the room. The doctor suddenly grasps the detective by the throat as they are locked together in a fierce grip. They go to the floor, the detective underneath. They fall against the desk as they go down, the doctor striking his head on the corner of it. The detective frees himself and rises to his feet in a bewildered fashion, gasping for breath and staggering. The doctor lies senseless on the floor.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(Feeling of his throat in a puzzled way.)

What the devil?—What sort of a grip was that? My neck feels like a corkscrew with a sore throat and my head sounds like a balloon full of bumble bees.

[*Puts hand to temple, and examining his fingers finds them bloody.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(Applying his handkerchief to his temple.)

God! That sure was a narrow squeak. An inch lower and my roof would have been off and I'd have been catching cold in my brains. *(Stooping and examining* Dr. ALLYN.*)* A bit stunned, eh? Well, you'll be all right in a minute. If your head hadn't hit the corner of that desk it would have struck

twelve for yours truly. You're some athlete, believe me, good doctor man, and you fight like a crazy Jap.

[*Throws blood-stained handkerchief onto the desk and picks up revolver.*]

(Continuing.)

Some cannon—that! Wonder where our doctor friend gets his artillery.

[*Breaks gun, extracts cartridges and throws them into waste basket. Tosses gun onto desk.*]

(Continuing.)

Krupp must have made that baby to order.

[Dr. ALLYN *begins to recover consciousness, struggles to sitting position, feeling of his head and looking about confusedly.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(Sympathetically.)

Bumped the bumps some, eh, old man? Come; let's be dignified. Your present position isn't becoming.

[*Assists the doctor to rise and places him in a chair, steadying him by grasping his arm. The doctor sits quietly for a moment.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Struggling to rise to his feet.)

It's a damned, infernal lie!

CARRUTHERS.

(Calmly forcing the doctor back into the chair.)

Very well, so much the better. I hope it is. But let's talk it over like men and not fight like a couple of bull dogs. If I'm proved to be wrong, I'll be only too glad to offer my apologies and make a clean get-away. I've always admired you—and the scrap you put up just now hasn't lessened my esteem any. I'm so d——d glad I'm alive, I couldn't hold a grudge if I tried. You surely are a peacherino!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Solicitously.)

Are you hurt much?

CARRUTHERS.

(Suavely.)

Not much. Just a false chord played on my pneumogastric nerve by those strenuous fingers of yours and a furrow plowed by a grape shot through the northwest corner of my frontispiece, *(Pointing to wound on temple.)* with a little indecent exposure of skull. If that ball had hit me plumb center I'd resemble one of those red paper hoops that the clown jumps through at the circus. I'd be largely a hole in the atmosphere, with a fringe of nice fresh meat around it.

Dr. ALLYN.

Thank God! Then it's nothing serious.

CARRUTHERS.

(Gravely.)

You've reason to be thankful, sir. Had you kept your temper

and permitted me to fairly state the case, you'd have seen that by killing me you would merely railroad yourself to the electric chair without in the least helping the woman you love. As I said before, if I'm wrong, I'll apologize. If I'm right there shall be no publicity. All I want to do is to recover the diamonds. That I must do at whatever cost.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Protestingly, unsteadily rising to his feet.)

But, sir, the idea that my wife knows anything about them is preposterous!

CARRUTHERS.

(Sympathetically.)

Better sit down, Doctor. You're still a bit wabbly.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Smiling faintly and resuming his seat.)

I believe you're right. My legs feel as if they were made of calico.

CARRUTHERS.

(Earnestly.)

Now, Doctor, let's reason a bit. You know better than most men that the theory of the way the diamonds disappeared which I shall give you is *not* preposterous. Culture, social standing—nothing weighs in the balance of evidence. That's why I'm a—well, a kleptomania specialist.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Now completely recovered and self-possessed.)

Carruthers, I offer my most contrite apologies for losing my self control and—

CARRUTHERS.

(Bluntly.)

And trying to evaporate me, eh? Well, forget it. Philosophers are d——d chumps, just like the rest of us, only they wear a coat of varnish that fools a fellow 'till it's cracked a bit, and besides, there are some things that make a fellow hit first and philosophize afterward. I sized you up wrong and let you get the drop on me, and that ruffles my pride, but I forgot the man behind the scientist.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Quietly.)

And the tiger behind the man.

CARRUTHERS.

You've hit it.

Dr. ALLYN.

Kindly inform me, sir, why you suspect my wife.

CARRUTHERS.

There's no question but that Mrs. Vandervoort had the diamonds in her hair when she arrived at the Williston's. The maid in the ladies' dressing room noticed the showy ornament in which they were set. Mrs. Vandervoort does not dance and she is positive that no one came near enough to steal the jewel but once—and she has no suspicion of even that occasion. As she came out of the dressing room a sudden draught blew against the old lady's face the veil of a woman who was just entering. The veil caught in her ear-ring and the other woman had some difficulty in disengaging it. Mrs. Vandervoort did

not miss the jewel until just before she left for home. She reported it to Mr. Williston as lost, and the matter was referred to me.

DR. ALLYN.

(Rising.)

And the other woman was—

CARRUTHERS.

Your wife.

DR. ALLYN.

But, my dear sir, the jewel may have been knocked off from Mrs. Vandervoort's head and picked up by some one.

CARRUTHERS.

True, but the ornament was one of those heavy, old-fashioned heirloom affairs, with a lot of metal in it. It could hardly have fallen to the floor without attracting attention. Anyhow, it could easily have been seen, and while—kleptomaniacs—are not rare at such functions, the majority of the guests are not looking for such opportunities and it's not easy to pick up a valuable trinket without detection.

DR. ALLYN.

But the maid?

CARRUTHERS.

Nothing doing in that quarter—that's a cinch. But she went through my private sweat box just the same—and she's still under shadow. In coming here I'm following out the most reasonable theory.

Dr. ALLYN.

But why should my wife—

CARRUTHERS.

(Earnestly.)

Will the man please step to the rear for a moment and give the scientist a chance to use his wits? Haven't you yourself said somewhere or other that some women are like children, and have about as much conception of property rights? Didn't you once say that opportunity plus sudden impulse was largely responsible for crime? What about the women who rob our department stores? There are ten thefts by—kleptomaniacs—where there is one by professionals. Pshaw! man, what's the use of my handing out your own dope to you?

[*While the detective is talking the doctor is walking about in great mental distress.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Firmly, turning to CARRUTHERS.*)*

The man *shall* go to the rear. If you will permit me, Carruthers, I myself will get to the bottom of this thing—in my own way and at once. If I fail, use your own discretion as to ways and means. Whatever the result may be, I rely on you to prevent scandal. I—I love my wife, sir, and I must ask that her good name be protected, be she guilty or innocent.

CARRUTHERS.

That's not only easy, but you can rely upon me to the limit. Mrs. Vandervoort's husband, as you overheard, laughs at the

idea that his wife lost the jewel at the reception. He attributes its loss to her own carelessness. He's a level-headed old chap, and if the diamonds are recovered he'll ask no questions. The maid was so frightened by her own experience, and so glad to get rid of me, that she'll have lockjaw for the rest of her life. Mrs. Vandervoort thinks the jewel came loose from her hair and was picked up by some one. The Willistons rely on me and for reasons of their own will keep their mouths shut. The matter has not been reported to headquarters, and what Jim Carruthers thinks—is his own affair. And that's about all—in the matter of possible leaks.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Earnestly, extending hand.)

I thank you more than I can express.

[*They clasp hands.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Continuing.)

I feel sure that you're making a terrible mistake, but, whatever the outcome, I shall consider myself under everlasting obligations to you.

CARRUTHERS.

And I hope I'm wrong, doctor. But will your wife—

Dr. ALLYN.

Tell me the truth? Perhaps not, but that is immaterial. I am master of myself now. If she *is* guilty, she may deny all knowledge of the jewel. But, guilty or innocent—I'm a

psychologist, sir, and I shall know. Kindly step into that room and remain until I call you.

[*Shows* CARRUTHERS *to room at right and pushes call button on desk.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(Turning at exit; admiringly, to himself.)

Well, you're a game old sport, all right. If your psychology is as good as that grip of yours, her ladyship would better lose no time in coughing up.

[*Exit* CARRUTHERS.

Enter ATKINS, *door at left.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Quietly.)

Kindly inform Mrs. Allyn that I wish to see her, Atkins.

ATKINS.

Yes, sir.

[*Exit* ATKINS.]

ATKINS.

(Returning.)

Please, sir, the missus says as 'ow she's busy, sir, and will you please give me the message, sir?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sharply.)

Tell her that I wish to see her at once.

ATKINS.

Yes, sir.

[*Turns at exit.*]

ATKINS.

(To herself.)

Wot h'ever's the matter with the master? I wonder wot's h'up?

[*Exit* ATKINS.

Enter Mrs. ALLYN, *in partial dishabille.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Angrily.)

Why couldn't you have told Atkins what you wanted? You knew I had a headache and didn't wish to be bothered!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gently.)

Pardon me for disturbing you, my dear, but—

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Sneeringly.)

How courteous and considerate we are, all of a sudden! You didn't care for my comfort a few minutes ago when you were trying to blow up the house with your awful chemicals. Why don't you get a laboratory somewhere else? This house is a perfect pandemonium. A boiler shop would be peaceful by comparison. What diabolical experiments are you making now?

Dr. ALLYN.

Why, I *was* a bit noisy, that's a fact. You see, a—well, a retort exploded and knocked things about some.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Sneeringly.)

You needn't have taken the trouble to tell me about it. I heard and felt it plainly enough. *(Turning to go.)* And if you don't mind, I'll return to my toilet and leave you to your nasty chemicals.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Patiently.)

Kathryn, a matter has come up which I must discuss with you—and at once.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Peevishly.)

But, Gilbert, you know how I hate your tiresome business and professional matters. They make my head ache when I'm well—and I certainly am in no condition to listen to them this morning. It's in mighty poor taste to bother me with such things before I've had my breakfast.

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

I did not ask you here at such an inconvenient moment merely to talk over commonplaces of business. It's a matter of more vital importance that compelled me to—to disturb you at this time.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(With some concern.)

What in the world is the matter, Gilbert?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Gravely.)

Nothing serious, I hope, Kathryn, dear. The matter is so preposterous that my only excuse for presenting it to you is that, had I not done so, it would have been presented by others, less considerate than I.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Haughtily.)

You are speaking in riddles too deep for me, Gilbert. What in the name of high heaven are you getting at?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Affectionately, laying his hand on her shoulder.)

My dear girl, it's not always easy to speak plainly without appearing brutal, even where we love deeply, but I will do my best.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Angrily, striking off his hand from her shoulder.)

For heaven's sake, Gilbert, tell me what you're driving at, and get the thing over with!

Dr. ALLYN.

(With emotion.)

You, my wife, are accused of having—taken—a valuable jewel

from Mrs. Vandervoort's hair at the Williston's ball last evening.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Indignantly.)

What! *I*—I am accused of stealing an article of jewelry? Who has dared to say such an awful thing? Can it be possible that you, Gilbert Allyn, permitted without resentment such an indignity to be offered your wife?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sadly.)

No, it's not possible. I did resent it, almost to my everlasting sorrow—but I was compelled to listen, whether I would or not.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Raging.)

Compelled! You, compelled to listen? And by whom? Who had the effrontery to come to you with such a damnable charge against your wife? Whc has brought this lying accusation against me?

[*The doctor steps closer to her and looks at her keenly.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Quietly and deliberately.)

A detective from police headquarters, Kathryn. He is in the next room at this very moment, awaiting the result of my interview with you.

[Mrs. ALLYN'S *nerve fails her and her bravado disappears. She clutches at the*

bosom of her dress as if concealing something and averts her face. She cowers and acts as if she were about to fly from the room.

The doctor sternly grasps her by the wrist with one hand, raising her face with the other and gazing into her eyes.]

Dr. ALLYN.

So, it's true! You are a thief!

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Terrified.)

No, no! It's not true. I am innocent!

Dr. ALLYN.

(With emotion, releasing her.)

It *is* true—you are guilty!—My God!

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Frantically clutching at his arm.)

No! no! Hear me, Gilbert! For God's sake, hear me!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Disengaging himself, with great emotion.)

Oh, Kathryn! Kathryn! What impelled you to do so low, so common a thing? You, my wife! You have disgraced me, you have disgraced that poor old woman, your foster mother, who loves you—and you have wrecked yourself!

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Defiantly, recovering her self-control.)

It's a lie—a damnable lie! I defy you and your infamous detective to prove it!

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sadly.)

Do you think for one moment that you can deceive me, Kathryn? You are guilty. Would to God I could believe you innocent! The evidence submitted by the detective is merely circumstantial, but your actions, and what I saw in your face a moment ago, are sufficient to convince me of your guilt. *(Sternly.)* You have the missing diamonds upon your person at this moment—there! *(Points accusingly at her bosom.)* You may as well confess it and surrender the jewel.

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Raging.)

Confess a crime I did not commit! Allow you and your contemptible police hireling to get away with your dastardly plot! Never!

[*She starts to leave the room.*

Dr. ALLYN *grasps her by the arm and detains her.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sternly.)

One moment, Kathryn. I'm a pretty patient man—as you know better than any one else. I have reasons for being—well, charitable to you; but I'm human and my forbearance

has its limitations. I warn you that you are crowding me perilously near the danger point. By making a clean breast of the matter and surrendering the jewel you can make partial amends for what you have done, and aid me in avoiding publicity. You can also avoid a search for the diamonds which may be embarrassing to you. *(Pleadingly, laying his hand on her shoulder.)* For your own sake, Kathryn, for your poor mother's sake and for mine, I beg you to do your plain duty and make the only reparation in your power.

[Mrs. ALLYN *strikes off her husband's hand and with a contemptuous look at him starts for the door, at left.*

She stops at the door, and turning toward the doctor, looks at him defiantly.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Very sternly.)

So, you choose to be obstinate—defiant, even? Very well, then. If you prefer methods that are less considerate than mine, that is your privilege. I have no further desire to usurp the functions of the police. And let me tell you this: When the gentleman who is awaiting me in yonder room leaves this house he shall take with him the stolen diamonds. *(Looks at his watch.)* I'll return in five minutes. If by that time you've not come to your senses, I'll wash my hands of the matter and let the law take its course.

[*He goes to door at right.*

While the doctor is speaking, Mrs. ALLYN *stands stubbornly defiant, biting her lips and angrily glaring at him.*

Doctor pauses at exit, turns and gazes back at her, sorrowfully shaking his head.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(At exit, again looking at his watch.)

In just five minutes, remember!

[*Exit* Dr. ALLYN.

Mrs. ALLYN *collapses, goes to sofa, throws herself upon it, buries her face in her hands and sobs violently.*]

Mrs. ALLYN.

(Raising her head.)

My God! What have I done? Gilbert is sure of my guilt. I am not clever enough to deceive him. *(Rising, with great emotion.)* Five minutes!—in five minutes Gilbert will return! And that awful detective! How can I ever face them? I will not face them—so help me God! I will not. The diamonds!—They burn me—here!

[*Tears open the bosom of her dress, takes out the stolen jewel and hurls it to the floor. Looks at the diamonds.*]

(Continuing.)

How I loathe the vile things! They glitter like the eyes of snakes. And now Gilbert and that awful man will know! Face them? Never! *(Looks wildly about the room like one deranged.)* Ah!

[*Rushes to laboratory and feverishly searches for something on the shelves.*

Returns with a small phial containing a dark liquid.]

(Continuing.)

Gilbert Allyn, you will soon know the truth—and that vile man will know! You want the jewel—only the jewel! Very well, you shall have it, but I do not have to face you. Five minutes! *(Gazes at phial.)* You once told me, Gilbert, that only a few seconds were needed for this!

[*Rushes to door at left. Pauses and looks back despairingly.*]

(Continuing.)

Five minutes!—you gave me five minutes, Gilbert Allyn!—I will take an eternity!

[*Exit* Mrs. ALLYN.]

[*Enter* Dr. ALLYN, *at right.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Quietly.)

Well, Kathryn, have you—

[*Notices that* Mrs. ALLYN *is gone and sees the jewel lying on the floor. Shakes his head sorrowfully and picks up the jewel.*]

(Continuing.)

Oh, the pity of it!

[*Lays the jewel on the desk, goes to exit, at right, and opens the door.*]

(Calling, quietly.)

Mr. Carruthers.

[*Enter* CARRUTHERS.]

CARRUTHERS.

(Looking at the doctor inquiringly.)

Well, did you—?

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sadly.)

Recover the jewel? Yes. It is there—on the desk.

[CARRUTHERS *goes to desk, picks up jewel, examines it critically and puts it in his pocket.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(Earnestly.)

Believe me, this has been a very unpleasant duty.

Dr. ALLYN.

Yes, I know—but it *was* your duty, and you have been more than considerate.

CARRUTHERS.

That much was coming to you, Doctor. And now let us all forget this unfortunate occurrence.

[Dr. ALLYN *extends his hand, which* CARRUTHERS *clasps.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

Thank you, Carruthers.

CARRUTHERS.

(Sniffing suspiciously at the air.)

Pardon me, Doctor, but have you left any of your bottles of chemicals open?

Dr. ALLYN.

Why, I think not. Why do you ask?

CARRUTHERS.

If I'm not mistaken I smell something like—

[Dr. ALLYN *sniffs the air for a second, then madly rushes into the laboratory.*]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Excitedly, returning from laboratory.)

A phial of prussic acid is missing! Good God! Can it be possible that—? Kathryn!

[*Rushes out of door, at left, followed by* CARRUTHERS. *They re-enter a moment later.* Dr. ALLYN *totters to desk chair and buries his face in his hands.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(Sympathetically, laying his hand gently on the doctor's shoulder.)

I'm mighty sorry for you, Doctor.

[*Goes to door at left, takes diamonds from his pocket, turns and looks first at jewel and then pityingly at doctor.*]

CARRUTHERS.

(To himself.)

Pretty rough on you, old man, but if she were my wife—

Well, it was in the blood.—If you only knew—that, and some other things!

[*Returns jewel to pocket.*
Exit CARRUTHERS.]

Dr. ALLYN.

(Sorrowfully, raising his head.)
The blood of the fathers! *(Picks up Kathryn's picture from the desk and gazes at it sadly.)* Poor Kathryn! You were wiser than you knew. You set things right—and you did it in the only way.—The blood of the fathers!—And our children yet unborn—and our children's children—they, too, thank God! are saved—and in the only way. *(Closes photograph case and lays it on the desk.)* What a mess I've made of it all! You said I needed you, Helen. *(Takes Miss Carringford's letter from drawer, opens it and thoughtfully peruses it for a moment.)* You are right, my dear friend, I do need you—God alone knows how much!

CURTAIN.

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